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## THE GREEK ELEGY.

### I. CLASSICAL GREEK.

[*Prefatory Note.*—I propose to print in this and subsequent numbers of this REVIEW the substance of a course of lectures on the history of the elegy in English which I have been delivering for five years to my senior class in the University of the South, and which I have delivered also under the auspices of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching at two of their summer meetings in Philadelphia, as well as to a class at Chautauqua. Before considering the English elegy proper I shall treat in a concise way the elegiac poetry of all the more important literatures, and shall thus hope to furnish the fullest account extant of this narrow but interesting genre. My work has been based upon considerable original research, especially in the British Museum, to the courteous officials of which, and to my friend Dr. Richard Garnett in particular, I desire to extend my heartiest thanks. I must, of course, ask for the clemency of scholars into whose special domains I may intrude during the course of my introductory sections, and I trust that any mistakes I may make will be fully pointed out to me. It is almost needless to say that the present mode of publication will necessitate certain omissions which will be supplied when the articles are collected in book form, and it is also needless to dilate here on the advantages to be derived from studying the for-

tunes of a genre as a whole. The comparative and evolutionary methods of literary study, if I may so express myself, have already proved their efficacy in the hands of M. Brunetière, and we only need careful special work on the various genres in order that students and teachers of literature may be furnished with abundant materials on which to base investigations which will be both profitable and interesting, although, of course, not antagonistic to other long-tried and approved methods of treatment. For a discussion of the varieties of elegiac poetry and an explanation of some of the more technical terms used in these papers I must refer my readers to my article entitled "Note on Elegiac Poetry," which appeared in this REVIEW for August, 1893.]

We can not doubt that elegiac poetry in its strictest sense—to wit, the poetry that expresses longing and grief—has existed from the very earliest times among all people who have been capable of even the rudest sort of intellectual and artistic development. We know that poetry had a religious origin, and that death has always appealed to the religious emotions; the sorrow and longing caused by death would therefore find their natural outlet in verse of an elegiac character. We may infer, too, in accordance with a familiar method of anthropological reasoning, that the death-songs and wailing chants common to savage tribes to-day must have had their prototypes among the most primitive races of mankind. We are not left to mere inference, however, in the case of the only people who vitally concern us—the Greeks. We know that among the mythical predecessors of Homer a certain Linos was reckoned, and that with him was connected a special dirge or funeral song called by his name. We know also that Herodotus (II., 79) associated this song with the so-called Maneros (*Μανέριος*) of the Egyptians, and we shall soon have to deal with its Phœnician prototype, the Adonis-song. We can thus see that our reasoning holds good of the most important of ancient peoples.

The statement that the Greeks are the only ancient people who vitally concern us needs a brief explanation. Greek literature is practically the only early literature that has affected our own in point of form. Latin literature is Greek in form, save mainly for the satire in its more elaborate types, hence its influence upon ours has been rather to give color than to form. So, too, Hebrew literature, great as its effects have been upon our own, has rather colored it than molded it. But in tracing the development of any genre of literature we are naturally far more concerned with form than with color; hence we are justified in making all our studies begin with the literature of that great people whose sense for form has never yet been surpassed.

Coming back now to the Linos-song, we find that it was popular in character and oriental in origin. Like the Adonis-song, it seems to have lamented mythically the death of summer. When it passed into Greece it was naturally amalgamated with some local Greek myth, different forms of it being recognized in Tegea of Arcadia, and in Sparta.<sup>1</sup> Linos himself, the subject or the author of the song (it is difficult to say which the Greeks believed), although probably only a personification intended to explain the origin of the dirge, was counted with Orpheus, Thamyris, and Musæus among the predecessors of Homer, and regarded by such an author as Pausanias as even older than Orpheus.<sup>2</sup> He was held to have been the son of Apollo and Calliope (*cf.* the Orpheus legend) and to have been the teacher of Orpheus and Hercules.<sup>3</sup> More than one genealogy of him is given, however, and more than one account of his

<sup>1</sup> "In Tegea of Arcadia the Greeks explained the lamentation as being for the death of Skephios, who was killed by his brother. Sterility fell on the land in consequence, and an oracle ordered a yearly festival, at which Skephios was to be mourned for; and hence the song was called the Skephios." (Jevons, "History of Greek Literature," pp. 110, 111.) A similar origin may be given the Spartan "Hyacinth Song," which came to Sparta from Cythera, a Phenician settlement, and may be traced to Samos, Cyprus, and finally to Phenicia.

<sup>2</sup> Pausanias, IX., 30, 12, quoted by Mahaffy, "History of Greek Literature," I., 14.

<sup>3</sup> Hesiod, *Frg. I.*, quoted by L. and S. *sub voce*.

death. The song connected with his name is mentioned in the "Iliad" (18,570), where a boy sings it with a cithara accompaniment to the vintagers while they are at work.<sup>1</sup> It was a dirge upon his death, and probably had a peculiar music appropriated to it, which enabled Herodotus to identify it in Cyprus, Bithynia, Phenicia, and Egypt.<sup>2</sup> At a later period it seems to have been used without reference to grief or lament, but the only fragment we have, which is preserved, not perhaps in its original form, by the scholiast on Σ, 570, is plainly a lament for the minstrel's death sung by the Muses themselves. It represents Linos as the inventor of song who was killed by Apollo for rashly challenging him to a contest of skill (*cf.* the Marsyas legend), and his name repeated with exclamations of regret forms the refrain sung by the chorus. "Ai Linon! Ai Linon!" they sang, not dreaming that in all likelihood they were simply repeating a variation of the Semitic *ai le nu*, "woe is us!" (Jevons.) But the pretty fragment itself is better than any description of it. It runs as follows:

ὦ Λίνε πᾶσι θεοῖσιν  
 τετιμένη, σοὶ γὰρ ἔδωκαν  
 ποίῳτ' μέλος ἀνθρώποισιν  
 φωναῖς λιγυραῖς ἀεῖσαι  
 Φοῖβος δὲ κότῳ σ' ἀναιρεῖ  
 Μοῦσαι δέ σε θρηνέουσιν.

O Linos, honored of all the gods, for to thee a poet they gave to sing with clear tones a song to men, Phœbus in wrath takes thee away, but the Muses sing thy threnody.<sup>3</sup>

In addition to this primitive transplanted Linos-song we have in Homer examples of the threnos, or funeral dirge, which seems to have been a choral song with solos interspersed. We read in the last book of the "Iliad" (Π 720 *seq.*)

<sup>1</sup>Λίνον δ' ὑπὸ καλὸν αἶδει λεπταλέῃ φωνῇ.

<sup>2</sup>Herodotus, II., 79. Mahaffy, Jevons.

<sup>3</sup>It may be noted that the word *ιάλεμος*, a wail or dirge, perhaps a lament for sickness, also gave rise to a personified Ialemos, son of the Muse Caliope (*Athen.* 14), whom the translator of Lemprière, probably twisting the meaning of the epithet, called a *wretched* singer.



that, when Priam brought back the body of Hector, it was carried to the splendid palaces, and that after it had been laid on the perforated beds, leaders of the dirges were placed beside it, who "indeed sang a mournful song while the women groaned in answer."

οἷτε στονόεσσαν ἀοιδὴν

οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐθρήνεον, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες.

And in the midst of these latter the white-armed Andromache began the lamentation, holding the head of man-destroying Hector between her hands. "O husband," she sang, "thou hast perished young in thy time of life, and hast left me a widow in the palaces!" When the widow's wail for Hector, herself, and the infant Astyanax was over, the venerable Hecuba, mother of the hero, began her "vehement lamentation;" and after her, Helen. Thus we see that the three chief women relatives, or connections, acted the part of soloists in grief, while the people around groaned in chorus. In the last book of the "Odyssey," on the other hand, while the chiefs speak and the common people lament, it is the Muses, supported by the Nereids, that lead the threnos for Achilles, and Thetis that plays the part of the soloist in grief. In the nineteenth book of the "Iliad," Briseis utters a sort of threnos over the body of Patroclus and the women are again prominent as mourners, so we see that among the ancient Greeks, just as among the Corsicans and the Scotch, it was a feminine function to bewail the death of heroes lost in battle.<sup>1</sup> On the other hand, there is a fragment of a threnos by Achilles over Patroclus in the *Myrmidones* of Æschylus. In this connection it is scarcely necessary to remark that specimens of the threnos are not uncommon in Greek tragedy; as, for example, in the *Ajax* of Sophocles.

But the Linos-song, the ialemos, and the threnos, while prototypes of the elegy, are not elegies either in the loose Greek sense or in our own stricter sense of the term. Elegiac poetry, properly speaking, arose in connection with the

<sup>1</sup> See Symonds, "Greek Poets," I., 139-140.

development of flute music among the Phrygians<sup>1</sup> in the eighth century before Christ.<sup>2</sup> The word *ἔλεγος* itself, about the source of which the Greeks were much in the dark, seems to have been of Armenian origin: "meaning first a misfortune, a sad event; and then a kind of dirge, played on the flute, for the dead."<sup>3</sup> This dirge had no accompanying words originally, but when flute music passed from the Phrygians to the Ionians of Asia Minor, the latter, prepared already for the evolution of subjective poetry through the advance they had made in commerce, science, and the arts, added words to the plaintive melody and evolved a pure lyric of grief. Flute music, however, was not always of a funereal character; it was used at festive and military gatherings, and was soon associated with social, martial, and political verses, which were recited in the main and took the metrical form known as the elegiac couplet.<sup>4</sup> This couplet was produced by the Ionic poets by means of a simple combination of the familiar epic hexameter with a curtailed form of the same, known as the pentameter. The result was a couplet to which the cadence of the second verse gave a natural close and the effect of a complete whole which could be greatly varied.<sup>5</sup> The stately flow of the epic was now

<sup>1</sup> See Perrot & Chipiez, "History of Art in Phrygia," I., 28.

<sup>2</sup> For an account of Olympus, the Phrygian musician, see Colonel Mure's "History of Greek Literature," III., p. 33.

<sup>3</sup> Jebb, "Classical Greek Poetry," p. 95, gives an excellent account of the development of the Greek elegy, which I have followed closely. The usual derivation of *ἔλεγος* from *ἐλὲ λένειν*, "to cry woe! woe!" is quite untenable.

<sup>4</sup> The Greek word for this, *ἐλεγείον*, as Jebb remarks, was first used by Attic writers of the fifth century. Similarly the word *ἔλεγος* was, according to Francke (*vide* L. and S. *sub voce*), first used at Athens in the time of Simonides. But see Mure, III., p. 17, Note 3. It seems clear from Euripides, I. T. 1091 and Hel. 185 that *ἔλεγος* could be used without reference to metrical form, and that later it generally meant a song of mourning in distichs. The kindred *ἐλεγείον* was used by Thucydides (I., 32) with reference to the inscription on the votive tripod raised at Delphi from the Persian spoils. Cf. our English use of *elegy* and *epitaph*. The plural of *ἐλεγείον* and the feminine noun *ἐλεγεία* were also used to denote a poem in distichs.

<sup>5</sup> Mure's remarks (Vol. III., Chap. I.) about the epigrammatic quality of the elegiac couplet, while doubtless correct in the main, seem to me somewhat extravagant. Greek masters could get lyrical results from it, just as English masters can from the heroic couplet.

supplemented by the infinite mobility of the purely personal poetry, whether the latter took the form of elegy in its widest sense or that of the more colloquial and confidential iambic. When later the single-voiced lyric or melos of the Æolians and the choral lyric of the Dorians were evolved, the genius of Greek poetry had practically cast the molds that were to shape the subjective poetic utterance of the nations yet to be. But our chief business is with a single, seemingly narrow mold: the elegy.<sup>1</sup>

The earliest of the Ionian elegists whose verses are extant is Callinos of Ephesus, who dates from the early part of the seventh century.<sup>2</sup> His few elegiacs are martial in character, as are also the more vigorous verses of Tyrtæus, who called forth the valor of his adopted (?) countrymen, the Spartans. It is in the satirist Archilochus of Paros, however, the so-called father of iambic verse, whom the ancients put side by side with Homer for reasons now hard to discover, that we find the first traces of elegy in our strict sense of the term. We have ten beautiful lines of his lamenting the fate of friends<sup>3</sup> lost at sea, and it is a pretty thought that the earliest Greek elegy proper, perhaps the best Roman elegy, that of Propertius on Pætus, and the noblest of all elegies, "Lycidas," are linked by this common purpose to bewail the fate of mortals perished beneath what Archilochus in another fragment has exquisitely called "the well-folded, hoary sea" (*εὐπλοκάμων πολυῆς ἁλὸς*). This elegy of Archilochus,<sup>4</sup> addressed to a certain Pericles, is so beautiful that I can not forbear attempting to render it in prose.

Neither any one of the citizens, O Pericles, finding fault with doleful cares, shall rejoice in feasting, nor shall the city herself; such men having been rolled under by the wave of the much-resounding sea. Carking cares

<sup>1</sup> For the capabilities of the elegiac couplet and the evolution of personal poetry, see the admirable fourth chapter of Jebb.

<sup>2</sup> For the elegiac poets in general, see Jevons, Book II., Chap. I.; Symonds, "Greek Poets" (3d Ed.), I., viii.

<sup>3</sup> He seems to have lamented primarily a favorite brother-in-law, and several fragments of the elegy appear to have been preserved.

<sup>4</sup> For a good account of Archilochus, see Jevons, pp. 113-117; also Mure, III., iii.

we have on account of our misfortunes. But the gods, O friend, have appointed masterful endurance as a remedy for desperate evils. Sometimes one has these to bear; sometimes another. Now indeed our time is come, and we groan for a grievous wound; later on it will pass to others. But gather your courage quickly, putting far from you womanly grief.<sup>1</sup>

A little later than Archilochus, but still in the seventh century, another Ionian, Mimnermus of Colophon, extended the scope of the elegy in a way destined to impress profoundly not only some of the most exquisite of the Roman poets, but also some poets of modern times among the Latin races.<sup>2</sup> While his great Athenian contemporary, Solon, was using the elegy—that is, elegiac distichs—for political purposes and to stir up the martial vigor of his people for the conquest of Salamis, Mimnermus was devoting it to the service of his tender but, according to one account, hopeless passion for the flute-player, Nanno. The flute and the elegy were at last separated in a most melancholy fashion in spite of the fact that Mimnermus was “himself called an αὐλῶδης, a singer with a flute accompaniment, and [that] he probably revived the old plaintive elegy of the Phrygians, in close sympathy with the sorrowful laments of his sweet and tender Muse.” (Mahaffy, I., 174.)

This development of the elegy as a form of love poetry will not seem remarkable when we remember what has been said about the evolution of personal poetry consequent upon the rise of a cultured and luxurious society in the Ionic cities. Nor is it surprising to find that in the ninety odd lines left us of Mimnermus there is a note of gentle pessimism that makes him peculiarly acceptable to us moderns. Solon (Anth. Lyr. Bergk, 19 [21]) called him “*lignastades*” for his sweetness; the Alexandrians acknowledged him as a master in love poetry; Propertius (I., ix., 11) maintained that in the affairs of the tender passion he was of more authority than Homer,

Plus in amore valet Mimnermi versus Homero;

a modern critic, Mahaffy, has called him not inaptly the

<sup>1</sup> All translations not included within quotation marks are my own.

<sup>2</sup> The influence of the love elegy in English, which was never very strong, will be traced later.

Petrarch of Greek literature. But to us who read his verses to-day he is not so much the poet of Nanno who asked plaintively what joy there was in life without golden Aphrodite,

τίς δὲ βίος, τί δὲ τερπνὸν ἄτερ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης,

as he is the sad old man bewailing the fast approach of age and the common fate of mortals.

But we are like the leaves which the flowering season of spring brings forth, when straightway they wax in the beams of the sun; like them we rejoice for a brief season in the bloom of youth, knowing at the hands of the gods neither evil nor good. But black cares lie in wait for us, one having the allotted end of troublesome old age, the other of death.<sup>1</sup>

These lines might have been written by Keats himself, had the gods allowed that soul so in love with life to fill out a normal span. And as Keats caught fragments of "that large utterance of the early gods" in his "Hyperion" so his Ionian forerunner sang splendidly of the divine Jason and of the labors of Helios "when the rosy-fingered Dawn, leaving the ocean behind her, has gone up into the heavens."

ἐπεὶ ροδοδάκτυλος Ἥως  
Ὠκεανὸν προλιποῦσ' οὐρανὸν εἰσαναβῆ.

But while Solon and Mimnermus were writing of politics and love a greater school of poetry and a greater poetic soul had sprung to life in the Æolic island of Lesbos. Melic poetry and its divine exponent, Sappho, had dawned upon mankind, and pensive sentiment had to give way to radiant passion. Yet even Sappho did not disdain the lesser raptures of the elegy, and three of her epitaphs are preserved in the "Greek Anthology." That on the fisherman Pelagon is doubtful and is hardly marked by her ineffable touch; that on the Priestess of Diana lacks equally her sign manual, but is generally accepted; that on the maiden Timas is worthy of the

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<sup>1</sup>That Mimnermus was not always plaintive even toward his lady-love seems to be made clear from a fragment of "Hermesianax." See G. Lafaye, "Catulle et ses Modèles" (Paris, Hachette, 1894), p. 221, where reference is made to Bach's edition of H.



poetess—there can be no higher praise. I give Wharton's prose rendering, but what is it to the original?<sup>1</sup>

"This is the dust of Timas, whom Persephone's dark chamber received, dead before her wedding; when she perished, all her fellows dressed with sharpened steel the lovely tresses of their heads."

It is almost needless to say that there is a note of sadness in the wonderful Fragment II., beginning *Φαίνεται μοι*; but it is passionate sadness, not the plaintive sadness of the elegy. Genuine elegiac sadness might have appeared, however, in a fragment of Sappho's great contemporary Alcæus on the death of Myrsilus, had he not been a tyrant, but I fail to discover it in the characteristic statement of the poet that it is necessary to get drunk now that Myrsilus is dead.

Leaving the Melic poets, who do not rightfully belong to us, we find that the great development of Greek poetry at the close of the sixth century B. C., consequent upon the spread of education and the rise of courts like those of Polycrates, Periander, and Pisistratus, was marked by some attention to elegiac poetry, a good deal of which has survived, but unfortunately is not representative of the greatest poetic names. Indeed, the day of the elegy was gone, and it slumbered until it was resuscitated by the Alexandrians.<sup>2</sup> Of these later elegists, we may mention Phokylides of Miletus; Hipponax of Miletus (whose invectives are said to have made his two detractors hang themselves—hardly a proper thing for an elegiac poet to do unless he were in need of subjects to wreak his verse upon); Xenophanes<sup>3</sup> of Colophon, the best of them all, but noted rather as a philosopher, a contemner of athletics, and an advocate of sane conviviality; and Theognis<sup>4</sup> of Megara, whose copious verses were rather moral and political and are hence of much historical importance. Long quotations from

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<sup>1</sup> Τιμάδος ἄδε κόνης, τὰν δὴ πρὸ γάμοιο θανούσαν  
 ὄλεσσε Φερσεφόνας κνάνεος θάλαμος,  
 ἃς καὶ ἀποφθιμένας πᾶσαι νεοθᾶγι σιδάρε,  
 ἄλικες ἡμερτᾶν κρατὸς ἔθεντο κομάν.

<sup>2</sup> Mahaffy, I., 187 *seq.*

<sup>3</sup> For an interesting account of Xenophanes, see Symonds, "Greek Poets," I., pp. 174 *seq.*

<sup>4</sup> For Theognis, see Jevons, pp. 147-153.

these later elegists would be out of place, but I will take from Symonds ("Greek Poets," I., p. 223) a "paraphrase" of a few lines from Xenophanes:

First must merry-making men address the gods with holy songs and pure words; libations must they pour, and pray for strength to act justly; then may they drink as much as a man can carry home without a guide—unless he be far gone in years. This also is right: to speak of noble deeds and virtue over our cups; not to tell tales of giants or Titans or the Centaurs, mere fictions of our grandfathers, and foolish fables.

It is needless to point out that there is here no trace of "pensive melancholy," the old philosopher not having lived in a prohibition state. There is melancholy and lamentation enough in Theognis, but his bitterness of hatred and contempt is too strong to permit him to strike the true note of the elegist.

After Theognis (*circa*. 549 B.C.) there were many other elegiac poets, both Ionic and Attic; but they are lost to us, and need hardly be regretted.

The last important elegy was the "Lyde" of Antimachus, an Ionian of Colophon of the age of Socrates, who wrote a dull and learned "Thebais" in which he is said not to have got his heroes to Thebes before he had filled twenty-four books. If this be true, it is no wonder that when he read once before a large audience all left except Plato, who was then very young and evidently very charitable. It is consoling to think that after a time Antimachus became a great favorite with the Alexandrians and with the Emperor Hadrian. His "Lyde" was certainly influential in affecting the later fortunes of the elegy.<sup>1</sup> According to Prof. Mahaffy, it was a sort of "In Memoriam," passing from a lament over the death of his beloved into larger questions of "mythical and genealogical lore." There are a few extant lines, but they give no fair idea of the poem,<sup>2</sup> which M. Lafaye places on the lower plane of a romantic elegy full of the history of celebrated love affairs. (*Loc. cit.* p. 199.)

We may close this section with a few remarks on the

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<sup>1</sup> Sellar, "Horace and the Elegiac Poets," p. 204.

<sup>2</sup> Mahaffy, I., 192.

ἐλεγεία—that is, the votive epigrams or epitaphs in the elegiac couplet, which are assigned to that great poet, Simonides. A good many similar poems have been preserved in the Greek Anthology, with which the names of Æschylus, Euripides, Thucydides, Plato, and all manner of distinguished men have been connected, but these it will be convenient to examine in a separate section. Simonides is, however, easily the master in this class of compositions, more easily than Ben Jonson is in English now that the famous lines on “Sidney’s sister” seem to belong to William Browne, and he deserves to be distinguished by individual treatment. As Symonds well says,<sup>1</sup> he had a Dorian quality of seriousness, though an Ionian by birth, which appears plainly in his elegies, epigrams, and funeral odes commemorating the achievements of Hellas against Persia. He seems to have written threnoi for the Scopads and Alæuads of Thessaly, and the fragment of his threnos by Daphne over the infant Perseus is remarkable for its beauty. But he is chiefly memorable, at least to us, for such marvelous epigrams as those on the heroes of Thermopylæ and on the men of Tegea. I give my own and Jebb’s versions of these:

O stranger, bear a message to the Lacedæmonians that, having obeyed their commands, we are here reposing.

“It was due to the valor of these men that smoke did not go up to heaven from the burning of spacious Tegea. Their choice was to leave their children a city flourishing in freedom, and to lay down their own lives in the front of the battle.”

More nobly simple it would be impossible for verses to be, but Simonides could reach their level often. Witness this epigram:

If to die nobly be the highest evidence of valor, this boon hath fortune granted to us of all men; for, hastening to compass freedom for Hellas, we repose in the possession of an ageless good fame.

And this on a similar subject:

These men, having shed a deathless luster upon their dear fatherland, have wrapped themselves about with the dark cloud of death; but, dying,

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<sup>1</sup> “Greek Poets,” I., p. 311.

they have not perished, for their valor, making them glorious in the upper air, leads them forth from the precincts of Hades.

Certainly in this category of poetry, not the least difficult in spite of its simplicity—nay, rather on account of its simplicity—Simonides is the most glorious name, and if Wordsworth's pious wish be ever granted and we do recover one "precious, tender-hearted scroll" of the great Greek, there are many of us who will rejoice if it contains a score of such noble epigrams. If the Alexandrians had in some way preserved more of them, rather than imitated them, we should have owed them a greater debt of gratitude than we now do. We may conclude by recalling the fact that, in addition to the fragmentary threnoi by the tragedians, there are similar remains of Pindar and Bacchylides that serve only to remind us of the priceless treasures of Greek poetry that are lost to us—let us trust in the light of recent experience in the case of Bacchylides not irrecoverably. On the principle, however, of being thankful for what we have we ought not to pass to the Alexandrians without mentioning one epitaph on Baucis, by Pindar's great countrywoman and rival, Erinna, which, while not equal to Sappho's divine lines on the maiden Timas, is by no means unfit to be quoted as a close to our sketch of classical Greek elegies.

My funeral shaft, and marble shapes that dwell  
Beside it, and sad urn, receptacle  
Of all I am, salute who seek my tomb,  
If from my own, or other cities come;  
And say to them, a bride I hither came,  
Tenos my country, Baucis was my name.  
Say also, this inscription for her friend,  
Erinna, handmaid of the Muses, penned.<sup>1</sup>

## II. ALEXANDRIAN.

We have noted with some fulness the beginnings of the elegy in classical Greek literature, and are now come to that Indian summer period when in a foreign land and under alien skies the Greek literary spirit revived for a time

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<sup>1</sup>This is Dr. Richard Garnett's fine rendering of "Palatine Anthology," VII., 712.

like a flower upon which water has been poured, but not, alas! the dew of heaven. "That large utterance of the early gods" is gone, and in its place we have the artificial utterance of men, clever, learned, discerning men, but still men. Great critics like Aristarchus, mathematicians like Euclid, cosmographers like Ptolemy, have taken the place of the *dii majores* of the elder Greece. Callimachus "leads a tribe of learned poets and erudite men of letters." Closet-dramatists like Lycophron, study poets like Apollonius Rhodius, are the typical products of the day. Culture has spread in the rich soil, crowding out the roots of creative genius.

But this exotic literary growth has been often described, and we have only to note that what has mainly come down to us of it is precisely what was best of it, and what was most likely to inspire the poets of our own and of other lands. It was the bucolic and partly elegiac poetry of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, and the elegiac poetry of Philletas and his school, that gave rise to the pastoral and elegiac poetry of the Romans, and after the Renaissance to the pastorals and elegies of modern Europe. It was this original note struck in an unoriginal age that gave us the "Shepherd's Calendar" and the "Arcadia," the "Faithful Shepherdess" and "Comus," "Lycidas" and "Adonais"—even if it has also given us the frigid performances of the youthful Pope and the diluted sentiment of Shenstone.

"It is impossible for us to understand or appreciate to the full the poetic beauty of 'Lycidas,' 'Adonais,' and 'Thyrsis' without first having read the exquisite elegiac idyls of the Alexandrians, in which the sensuousness and passivity of the East are charmingly blended with the love of pure beauty and the energy of the West. Reading them, one is tempted to wonder why the lover of Theocritus did not celebrate the death of Hallam in a pastoral elegy; but when one remembers what has come down to us concerning the 'Lyde' of Antimachus, with its digressions from a strictly elegiac tone to mythological speculations, one is convinced that perhaps even the 'In Memoriam' does not mark a new type of elegiac poetry. In fine, no point in the history of literature



is more certain than the continuity of the typical forms of elegiac poetry from the days of the Greeks to our own."<sup>1</sup>

But if Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus are the most important of the Alexandrians to our purpose, they are not the first that must be discussed. Theocritus was himself the pupil of another poet, Philetas of Cos, about whom and his school of poetry something must be said.<sup>2</sup> Philetas, besides being a critic and Homeric commentator, was also an elegiac poet whose erotic verses were afterward greatly admired by the Romans. His island home was much resorted to by students of medicine, and he seems to have gathered to himself such of these as loved song also, like Aratus, and wandering youths smitten with literary ambitions, like Theocritus. The teacher himself appears to have been queer enough, lean as a shadow, wearing leaden soles to keep from being blown away, said the satirists who envied him. And yet to this anatomy, if we may trust tradition, the magic wand of Mimnermus had descended. The elegy as now cultivated had broken with the older gnomic or patriotic poetry practised by Solon and Theognis, and had become chiefly erotic, looking back to Mimnermus for inspiration and guidance. Yet, as M. Lafaye has remarked, Mimnermus would hardly have recognized his own passionate sincerity in the verses of his professed imitators as clearly as Antimachus might have perceived in the *Aitia* of the later Callimachus a plain imitation of his "Lyde," which the Alexandrian had rather inconsistently disparaged. The truth is, as the same critic shows, that the elegy in the hands of the Alexandrians tended always to break with true lyricism, although borrowing often features peculiar to the highest lyric form, the ode,<sup>3</sup> tended even to efface the personal expression of the poet's sentiments, and aspired to fulfil idyllic and epic functions—to describe and to recount. The genius of Theocritus brought this fusion of elegiac, idyllic, and epic purposes to a successful issue in his divine First Idyl,

<sup>1</sup> See my article in this REVIEW for August, 1893.

<sup>2</sup> See Mr. Lang's introduction to his splendid translation of Theocritus.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Dryden's poem on Mrs. Anne Killegrew.

as we shall see later, but it is doubtful whether his Alexandrian predecessors and contemporaries were ever able to do it. Certainly the fragments of the elegy of Callimachus on the famous tress of Berenice, which astronomers, poets, and courtiers alike agreed in converting into a new constellation in the heavens, supplemented as they are by the translation (?) by Catullus in his well-known Elegiacs LXVI., do not give a modern reader the impression of a variation of an old genre so completely successful as to form practically a new one. An erotic elegy designed to support the rather supposititious passion of an Alexandrian queen, Berenice, for her perhaps incestuous spouse, Ptolemy Euergetes, which at the same time glorified her murder of a former suitor and gave currency to the absurd mytho-astronomical discovery of Conon with regard to the votive lock of hair transported to the skies, would hardly, it would seem, have found much more favor with Solon or Mimnermus than it does with us, despite the elegiac complaints of the severed tress at being compelled to part with its sister locks. Whether now Philetas in his praise of his mistress, Bittis, ever rivaled the fantastic *tours de force* of Callimachus is uncertain, the preserved fragments and the references of Ovid and Propertius throwing practically no light on the subject. It is probable, however, that he, as well as his imitators, Hermesianax and Euphori-<sup>1</sup>on, the latter of whom Cicero believed to have corrupted the young contemporaries of Catullus, were all more or less tainted with that hybridism which is the main characteristic and source of danger in overelaborate and decadent art. Such art, however, is not pleasant to study or contemplate, so that we need not regret the fragmentary nature of the knowledge we possess of it, and may pass to more congenial

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<sup>1</sup> Hermesianax was a native of Colophon (*floruit* 330 B.C.), and was a friend or pupil of Philetas and an imitator of his countryman, Antimachus. His three books of love elegies were called "Leontium," after his mistress. A considerable fragment of the third book, several times edited, remains. He seems to have treated of the love affairs of poets and sages. Euphori-<sup>1</sup>on was a native of Chalcis, in Eubœa, and flourished at the time of Ptolemy Euergetes. Cicero speaks of him and his admirers with contempt in *Tusc.* III., 19, 45.

topics, provided always that we remember that Theocritus, for all his original genius, was influenced by it, and that the Roman *elégy* would practically have never come into being without it. If we admire Catullus and Tibullus and Propertius, we can not be too severe on Philetas and Callimachus and Hermesianax.

With regard now to the greater Alexandrians we must premise that this is not the place to descant on the *idyls* of Theocritus or to enlarge upon the general subject of pastoral poetry. It is still a question, though not so vexed a one as formerly, whether naturalness or artificiality most prevails in the Doric goatherds of the Sicilian poet, but there can be very little doubt that with his imitators down to the present century artificiality has been the rule. As Symonds points out, it is Crabbe and Wordsworth, Goethe and Tennyson that have been the true successors of Theocritus as a naturalistic poet. The writers of pastorals and pastoral elegies, Phillips and Shenstone and the like, inherited whatever there was of the artificial about him, and were likewise heirs of his heirs, Bion and Moschus and Virgil. That Theocritus could be artificial is proved clearly enough by his panegyric of Ptolemy (*Idyl XVII.*) and I am inclined to think that his great pastoral elegy on Daphnis (*Idyl I.*), which chiefly concerns us, is hardly so naturalistic as his other Sicilian *idyls* are. He seems to have had a predecessor in Stesichorus (who wrote a pastoral elegy on the death of Daphnis and romantic poems on the death of Cayce<sup>1</sup>), and we are probably warranted in concluding that while, in the words of Mr. Lang, "he raised the rural dirge for Daphnis into the realm of art," the new genre he perfected was not lacking in affinity with the artificial, hybrid elegy which Philetas and Callimachus sought to establish. They tried to fuse the love elegy with features more proper to the epic and the ode—and failed. Theocritus tried to fuse the elegy of grief, the rural dirge, with epic and *idyllic* features—and succeeded. A new kind of elegy, almost a new genre of poetry,

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<sup>1</sup> Symonds, I., 307.

was begotten with the birth of the First Idyl, but it was not quite so natural a product as the pure bucolic, which is one reason, perhaps, why Bion and Moschus succeeded so well in it. There is, indeed, a plain reason why so many mediocre poets have vainly essayed the pastoral elegy, while at the same time a few great poets have handled it magnificently. Its artificial features would attract mediocrity, but would be a certain cause of failure; they were not sufficiently marked, however, to repel great poets like Milton and Shelley, who would produce all the more splendid effects on account of the very restraints imposed by the artificial form.

Theocritus then, as we have seen, developed the pastoral elegy by the process of fusing which he doubtless learned from Philetas, with hints from Stesichorus. As in most of his other work, he used the meter that had long been devoted to epic purposes, the hexameter, took his subject-matter from the rural life around him, and handled his material in a pictorial way. He not only refined the language and thoughts of the dirge, but set it in a framework of surpassing pictorial loveliness, thus fusing two poetical genres—the elegy of grief and the idyl—into what may perhaps claim to be a third more beautiful than either of its components. Certain it is, at any rate, that no elegy of the simpler class—whatever we may say of the pure idyl—has ever rivaled in beauty the chief pastoral elegies from the days of Theocritus to those of Matthew Arnold.

Apart from his elegiac epigrams—or epitaphs—which will be briefly considered when we come to speak of the “Greek Anthology,” there is curiously enough no strictly elegiac verse in Theocritus except the famous First Idyl. The “Song of Adonis” in the delightful Fifteenth Idyl—so well translated by Matthew Arnold—is really a hymn, and the slight note of lament for Amaryllis in the Fourth Idyl is scarcely worth counting. Theocritus is therefore important to us simply for the “Dirge for Daphnis.” As I have said in another place, “he seems to have cast only one glance on the fairest child of his imagination”—a statement which is true as well of Bion and Moschus, as we shall see later.

A description of the First Idyl is now rendered practically unnecessary through its accessibility in Mr. Lang's admirable prose rendering and in several poetical versions of merit. It will be remembered that nearly half the poem is a pure idyl describing the meeting of the shepherd Thyrsis and a goatherd beneath the whispering pine-tree that murmured by the wells of water, and the offer of the goatherd to let Thyrsis "milk, ay, three times, a goat that is the mother of twins," and to give him a "twy-eared bowl newly wrought smacking still of the knife of the graver" if he will only sing in return the *Affliction of Daphnis* as he sang it on the day of his match with "Chromis out of Libya." When the goatherd has finished describing the bowl in one of those little pictures, borrowed from the epic, which gave idyllic poetry its generic name, Thyrsis without more ado sings his song, which is our true pastoral elegy, and the whole poem concludes with his claiming the bowl and its award by the goatherd—that is, with an epilogue which may be compared with the closing stanza in *ottava rima* of "Lycidas."

The elegy proper begins with a refrain, which is destined to be a characteristic feature of this class of poetry, at least for such poets as follow its canons strictly. It is full, also, of the apostrophes and personifications and the invocations to nature that have since marked its successors to a greater or less degree. The gods, too, are invoked, and the myth of Adonis is brought in, nor is the note of oriental effeminacy wanting. But a few passages will be better than any description.

"Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song! Thyrsis of Etna am I, and this is the voice of Thyrsis. Where, ah! where were ye when Daphnis was languishing; ye Nymphs, where were ye? By Peneus's beautiful dells or by dells of Pindus? For surely ye dwelt not by the great stream of the river Anapus, nor on the watch-tower of Etna, nor by the sacred water of Acis."

And again:

"Came Hermes first from the hill, and said: 'Daphnis, who is it that torments thee; child, whom dost thou love with so great desire?' The neatherds came, and the shepherds; the goatherds came; all they asked



what ailed him. Came also Priapus. *Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!*"

And again:

"Now, violets, bear, ye brambles ye thorns, bear violets; and let fair narcissus bloom on the boughs of juniper! Let all things with all be confounded; from pines let man gather pears, for Daphnis is dying. Let the stag drag down the hounds, let owls from the hills contend in song with the nightingales. *Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song.*" (Lang.)

Of the immediate successor of Theocritus in pastoral poetry, Bion, little is known. He has left six idyls and some fragments, none of which is strictly bucolic—which goes to show that Symonds is right when he contends that Bion is the father of the artificial pastoral, although it must be remembered that Theocritus was not always naturalistic. The great Sicilian had, however, described real shepherds and shepherdesses; the Myrson and Lycidas and Cleodamus of Bion certainly never handled a sheep-hook, though they may describe beautifully the love of Achilles for Deidamia (Idyl II.) and discuss appropriately the relative charms of the seasons<sup>1</sup> (Idyl III.). Bucolic naturalness is absent from the poems of Bion and his disciple, Moschus; but, to make up for it, the Loves, as Mr. Lang has remarked, flit through their poems as they do through the Pompeian pictures. We are not surprised, then, to find that as Bion lacked Theocritus's humor and truth to nature, he succeeded best in the more or less artificial genre brought to perfection by the Sicilian—viz., the pastoral elegy. The "Lament for Daphnis" was a model for the "Lament for Adonis;" but the latter, being more oriental and religious in subject, naturally took on the characteristic features of a hymn, having been "intended to be sung at one of the spring celebrations of the festival of Adonis, like that described by Theocritus in his fifteenth idyl." (Lang.) It certainly has, as Symonds avers, a fiery passion and warmth of coloring peculiar to Bion—that is, it has "an Asiatic fury." The rhythm is nervous and quick and the pictures

<sup>1</sup> We shall have occasion to remember this idyl when in the section on the medieval elegy we encounter the "Conflict of Winter and Spring" which used to be attributed to Bede.

are vivid, but there is also an intermixture of merely pretty description and elegant writing. It is impossible, however, to deny that there is a pathos pervading the whole composition that gives it an imperishable charm and that sufficiently explains the hold it took on the author of "Adonais." Take, for example, the opening lines:

"Woe, woe for Adonis, he hath perished, the beauteous Adonis, dead is the beauteous Adonis, the Loves join in the lament. No more in thy purple raiment, Cypris, do thou sleep; arise, thou wretched one, sable-stoled, and beat thy breast and say to all: 'He hath perished, the beautiful Adonis!' *Woe, woe for Adonis, the Loves join in the lament!*"

"Low on the hills is lying the lovely Adonis, and his thigh with the boar's tusk, his white thigh with the boar's tusk is wounded, and sorrow on Cypris he brings, as softly he breathes his life away." (Lang.)

The repetitions here are as artificial as those of Poe, over two thousand years later, but who will deny the luxuriant though, perhaps, effeminate charm of the verses? And who can deny that these poems are properly called idyls—little pictures—when he reads the following description:

"He reclines, the delicate Adonis, in his raiment of purple, and around him the Loves are weeping and groaning aloud, clipping their locks for Adonis. And one upon his shafts, another on his bow is treading, and one hath loosed the sandal of Adonis, and another hath broken his own feathered quiver, and one in a golden vessel bears water, and another laves the wound, and another from behind him with his wings is fanning Adonis." (Lang.)

But affectingly pathetic as all this is, it is obviously artificial, and perhaps Bion struck a more truly elegiac note in this beautiful fragment:

"Ah, if a double term of life were given us by Zeus, the son of Chronos, or by changeful Fate; ah, could we spend one life in joy and merriment, and one in labor, then perchance a man might toil, and in some later time might win his reward. But if the gods have willed that man enters into life but once (and that life brief and too short to hold all we desire), then, wretched men and weary that we are, how sorely we toil, how greatly we cast ourselves away on gain and laborious arts, continually coveting yet more wealth! Surely we have all forgotten that we are men condemned to die, and how short is the hour that to us is allotted by Fate." (Lang.)

There is certainly nothing effeminate here, unless it lurk in the oriental pessimism which but reechoes the *vanitas vanitatum* of the Hebrew king.

If we know next to nothing about the life of Theocritus, we know still less about that of Bion, and still less about that of the latter's successor and elegist, Moschus. The last-named tells us that Bion was born upon Meles, the "most musical of rivers"—that is, near Smyrna, where of old Homer (*Melesigenes*) "that sweet mouth of Calliope" was born, and that he died of poison administered by enemies; but of himself he tells us only that he sings the "dirge of an Ausonian sorrow," whence we may infer that he was born in Magna Græcia. He has left us only four idyls and a few fragments; and of these, two idyls at least are sometimes held to be of questionable authorship. The beautiful description of "Love the Runaway" and "Europa and the Bull" (Idyls I., II., Lang) do not concern us; but we may perhaps note the sad tone of the dialogue between Megara and Alcmene, the wife and mother of the wandering Hercules. (Idyl IV.) What does concern us is the pathetic "Lament for Bion" (Idyl III.), the first pastoral elegy in honor of a real person. Moschus may, as some critics hold, have had less originality and power than Bion, and his work may have been characterized by the faults inseparable from an imitation of an imitation; but the fact remains that he has left us passages as felicitous in phrasing as any that will be found in his predecessors, and pictures as exquisitely drawn as any that idyllic poetry can show. One of these pictures is famous as having been the prototype of a beautiful stanza by Tennyson in the "Palace of Art;"<sup>1</sup> but it is much more to our purpose to remember that traces of the Alexandrian's influence are to be discovered plainly in both "Adonais" and "Thyrsis." It is no wonder that Shelley and Arnold were affected by the "Lament for Bion," since its spirit is true, delicate, pathetic, and absolutely sincere. It is a standing confutation of Dr. Johnson's

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<sup>1</sup>Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasped  
 From off her shoulder backward borne:  
 From one hand dropped a crocus; one hand grasped  
 The mild bull's golden horn.  
 Compare Moschus, I., 125 *seq.* (Ahrens.)

claim apropos of "Lycidas" that real grief will not express itself in pastoral form.<sup>1</sup> Moschus' sense of personal sorrow makes its presence felt through all the artificial conventions of his poem, and his pessimism is even deeper than that displayed in Bion's fragment just quoted. It is this pessimism, perhaps, that links him with Arnold and gives him such a modern flavor. What can be more elegiac, and what more truly modern, than these verses?

"Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley and the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year; but we men, we the great and mighty, or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence; a right long and endless and unawakening sleep.<sup>2</sup> And thou, too, in the earth wilt be lapped in silence; but the nymphs have thought good that the frog should eternally sing. Nay, him I would not envy, for 'tis no sweet song he singeth." (Lang.)

The man who could sing thus was a true poet, though he was an imitator and the child of an unoriginal age; and the friend who could close his dirge with these sincere words, "But if I, even I, and my piping had aught availed, before Pluteus I too would have sung," was, if not a second Orpheus, certainly the first of the more important personal elegists of the world's literature. It was Moschus who first bent the exquisite artistic framework of the pastoral elegy to strictly personal and elegiac uses, and he is thus in many respects the most important name that we have yet had to mention. He did not influence Roman elegy so greatly as Philetas and Callimachus did, but with his pastoral predecessors he is a memorable forerunner of Milton and Shelley and Arnold.

#### THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

We have already had occasion to mention, in connection with some of the most distinguished names in the preceding

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<sup>1</sup> See his *Milton* in the "Lives of the Poets."

<sup>2</sup> Cf. M. Arnold's "Thyrsis."

For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep  
The morningless and unawakening sleep  
Under the flowery oleanders pale.

sections, that famous collection of occasional verse, ranging from the time of Sappho to that of the Byzantines, known as the "Greek Anthology." It therefore remains only to consider it briefly in connection with certain minor but true poets who did elegiac work of no mean order. It will be remembered that nearly all the poetic blossoms collected by Meleager, Philip of Thessalonica, Agathias, and Constantine Cephalas the successive editors of the "Anthology" were compressed into elegiac couplets, but it does not follow from this fact that we need to study the whole collection. A large number of the contained poems are not at all elegiac in any strict sense of the term, but it is also true that there are many of them that are either epitomized love elegies or poems of grief in the form of epitaphs. We may omit all discussion of the former, contenting ourselves with giving a specimen or two in order to show their loveliness, and may confine ourselves to the consideration of the seven hundred and forty-eight "Sepulchral Epigrams" that form the Seventh Book of the celebrated "Palatine Anthology," which was rescued from oblivion by Milton's rival, Salmasius. There are other epitaphs, whether on persons or animals, to be found in other books—*e. g.*, those of the theologian, St. Gregory—but those of the Seventh Book will more than suffice us. As might be expected, they vary greatly in power and beauty; but when they are at their best, as in the verses of Sappho and Simonides that have been already quoted, they are simply models of terseness, propriety, and beauty. With regard to elegiac epigrams in general enough has been said in connection with Simonides, and with regard to the beauty of the "Anthology" itself there is surely no need of saying anything at this late day. We may therefore merely note that the chief poets worthy our attention after the master spirits named above are Meleager, ever deserving of praise; Leonidas of Tarentum; Callimachus, whose work in another vein we have discussed; Archias, the friend of Cicero; Antipater of Sidon; Plato, the divine philosopher; and Theocritus, the father of the pastoral elegy. Specimens of the work of these poets, translated by latter-day admirers,



will give a fair idea of their skill and power, and we may then pass by an easy road to the graceful, delicate work of Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid.

Perhaps the most purely beautiful of all the epitaphs, although lacking the high nobility of Simonides's best work, is that by Plato, beginning Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ("Palatine Anthology," VII., 670) which Shelley has so wonderfully rendered:

Thou wert the morning star among the living  
Ere thy fair light had fled;  
Now having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving  
New splendor to the dead.<sup>1</sup>

Equally beautiful almost is Callimachus' epigram on Heraclitus ("Palatine Anthology," VII., 80), which, however, hardly surpasses those of the same poet on Sopolis, Crethis, and the stranger honored by Leontichus ("Palatine Anthology," VII., 271, 459, 277). They are so exquisite that, as we have already been somewhat hard on Callimachus, it would seem only fair to give them all; but we must content ourselves with Mr. Lang's version of the first:

One told me, Heraclitus, of thy fate;  
He brought me tears, he brought me memories,  
Alas! my Carian friend, how oft, how late,  
We twain have talked the sun adown the skies,  
And somewhere thou art dust without a date!  
But of thy songs Death maketh not his prize,  
In Death's despite, that stealeth all, they wait,  
The new year's nightingale that never dies.

Of the delightful poems of Meleager we can give only one example, again in the rendering of Mr. Lang, whose translation, by the way, of the "Heliodore" of Meleager ("Palatine Anthology," VII., 476), which must be omitted for want of space, is one of the most exquisite attempts of the kind ever made.

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<sup>1</sup>The poetical versions that follow are taken, with one exception, from the admirable volume of "Selections from the Greek Anthology" which Graham R. Tomson has contributed to the "Canterbury Poets."

CLEARISTA.<sup>1</sup>

For Death, not for Love, hast thou  
 Loosened thy zone!  
 Flutes filled thy bower, but now  
 Morning brings moan!  
 Maids round thy bridal bed  
 Hushed are in gloom,  
 Torches to Love that led  
 Light to the tomb.

Mr. Lang shall also interpret for us the beautiful epigram of Leonidas of Tarentum on Theris, the fisherman ("Palatine Anthology," VII., 295):

Theris the old, the waves that harvested,  
 More keen than birds that labor in the sea,  
 With spear and net, by shore and rocky bed,  
 Not with the well-manned galley, labored he;  
 Him not the star of storms, nor sudden sweep  
 Of wind with all his years hath smitten and bent,  
 But in his hut of reeds he fell asleep,  
 As fades a lamp when all the oil is spent:  
 This tomb nor wife nor children raised, but we  
 His fellow toilers, fishers of the sea.

The same versatile genius may also render for us the beautiful epigram of Antipater of Sidon on Sappho ("Palatine Anthology," VII., 14.)

Sappho thou coverest, Æolian land!  
 The Muse who died,  
 Who with the deathless Muses, hand in hand,  
 Sang, side by side!  
 Sappho, at once of Cypris and of Love  
 The child and care;  
 Sappho, that those immortal garlands wove  
 For the Muses' hair!  
 Sappho, the joy of Hellas, and thy crown,  
 Ye Sisters dread,  
 Who spin for mortals from the distaff down  
 The threefold thread,  
 Why span ye not for her unending days,  
 Unsetting sun,  
 For her who wrought the imperishable lays  
 Of Helicon?

Finally, for fear of overworking Mr. Lang, we will pass by

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<sup>1</sup> "Palatine Anthology," VII., 182.

his prose renderings of those eight of Theocritus's epigrams that have an elegiac cast and will quote Dr. Garnett's beautiful rendering in verse of that on Cleonicus.<sup>1</sup> ("Palatine Anthology," VII., 534. The epigram is also attributed to Automedon.)

Was life on land not short enough for thee,  
But, Cleonicus, thou must tempt the sea?  
To Thasos, bringing wealth of Syrian wares,  
Sailing thou camest with the wintry stars;  
And when the Pleiads merged their sevenfold gem,  
Thou sankest to the gray abyss with them.

Such treasures of beauty does the memorial section of the "Palatine Anthology" hold for the enthusiastic searcher. It is no wonder that poet-translators have been drawn to it as bees to a garden of roses. But the love elegies are equally beautiful, and we may conclude this section with two specimens of them—one by Rufinus and one by Agathias. Mr. Lang freely renders the "Golden Eyes" of Rufinus as follows ("Palatine Anthology," V., 74):

Ah, Golden Eyes, to win you yet,  
I bring mine April coronet,  
The lovely blossoms of the spring,  
For you I weave, to you I bring;  
These roses with the lilies wet,  
The dewy dark-eyed violet,  
Narcissus, and the wind-flower wet,  
Wilt thou disdain mine offering,  
Ah, Golden Eyes?  
Crowned with thy lover's flowers, forget,  
The pride wherein thy heart is set,  
For thou, like these or anything,  
Hast but thine hour of blossoming,  
Thy spring, and then—the long regret,  
Ah, Golden Eyes.

With the delicate beauty of this elegy, the closing lines of which suggest our own auto-anthologist, Herrick, we may compare Mr. Robert Bland's rendering of these more elaborated verses of Agathias ("Palatine Anthology," V., 273):

She, who but late in beauty's flower was seen  
Proud of her auburn curls and noble mien—

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<sup>1</sup>From his admirable "Chaplet from the Greek Anthology."

Who froze my hopes and triumphed in my fears,  
Now sheds her graces in the waste of years.  
Changed to unlovely is that breast of snow,  
And dimmed her eye, and wrinkled is her brow;  
And querulous the voice by time repressed,  
Whose artless music stole me from my rest.  
Age gives redress to love; and silvery hair  
And earlier wrinkles brand the haughty fair.

With this closing thought which had already appeared in Horace and the Roman elegists and was to reappear in many a modern love-elegist, especially, in the eighteenth century Hammond, we may well pass to the greatest and most typical of the love-elegists of whom we have full knowledge, to those lesser ornaments of the Augustan age, Tibullus and Propertius.<sup>1</sup>

W. P. TRENT.

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<sup>1</sup>Since this paper was set in type I have had the pleasure of reading Mr. Gilbert Murray's "History of Ancient Greek Literature," which is sprightly enough, but throws little new light on our subject. It is pleasant, however, to note his appreciation of Mimnermus, and I observe that he refers to a non-extant elegy by Theognis on some Syracusans killed in battle.

## THE LITERARY SIGNIFICANCE OF THE GREEK FATHERS.<sup>1</sup>

IN the writings of the later sophists Greek prose more and more degenerates into a breathless hunt for stately similes, a wearisome piling up of scintillating epithets. Even with the noble Dion Chrysostom, in whom the thinker and the rhetorician are about evenly matched, one longs at times for the naked simplicity of an Epictetus; and in the orations of Ælius Aristides the passages are but too soon counted in which the author's style rises above the mere tinkling of a cymbal.

New blood was infused into the decrepit literature of Greece when, in the fourth century, its devotees in great numbers turned Christians. The story of the Greek Fathers almost invariably runs on the same lines. A young man, son of Christian parents, but himself lukewarm in the faith—perhaps no Christian at all—makes his course of studies and enters upon some worldly career, that of a lawyer, for instance, or a rhetorician. After some years of this vocation he falls in with a fervent Christian, frequently a pious woman, whose zeal strikes fire from his soul. He abandons everything worldly, becomes a monk, priest, bishop perhaps—the last generally against his own wish.<sup>2</sup> But whatever his work, in whatever place, high or low, his lot be cast, the stamp of *the school* remains upon him, the rhetorician's cloak is never shaken off his shoulders. Only this should not be understood as though these men were shallow triflers, or at best only brilliant artists in words. Far from

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<sup>1</sup> Although the wording of the title ought to be unambiguous enough, it may not be wholly superfluous here to emphasize that the writer's aim has been solely and exclusively to define the literary merits and failings of the Fathers, leaving their theology, as such, undiscussed.

<sup>2</sup> See the lives of St. Basil, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. John Chrysostom, etc.



it! Truth to tell, their life is endowed with a beauty much more real than that of their literary work. At the gates of Cæsarea, the episcopal see of Basil, a whole little town sprang up, consisting of buildings where the poor might find shelter; travelers, rest; sick people, nursing. Even lepers were there taken care of; the bishop himself would move among them, kiss them, and attend to their wants.<sup>1</sup> St. John Chrysostom was truly the father of the poor in Constantinople; his sermons abound in burning appeals in their behalf. No modern bishop ever dared use such language to the rich of his diocese. And with Chrysostom words mirrored deeds, as deeds mirrored words.<sup>2</sup> Much of what is told of Gregory Nazianzen possesses a peculiar fascination. The depth of his affections, especially of his friendship for Basil, the poetical, slightly melancholy strain running through his character, which repeatedly drives him away from the cities and the multitude, out where he may be alone, face to face with nature and with God—all of this strangely recalls another great charmer of hearts and master of words, who, fifteen centuries later, fell under the same spell as he, lived and died much like him.<sup>3</sup>

But somehow the art of these men—literary production with them always was more or less of an art—is not quite so attractive as their lives. To be sure, the greatest of them, St. Athanasius, frequently, as in his "Oration to the Pagans," proceeds with a mighty sweep, an irresistible impetus, which his sober, tightly knit diction fits as the flexible mail coat did the mediæval warrior. But all the other Greek Fathers loved their rhetoric just a trifle too well. There is, indeed, their own word for it that they did love it exceedingly. To them it was all but divine. "Everything else will I leave you," Gregory Nazianzen cries out

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<sup>1</sup> Gregory Nazianzen, Or. 39; Basil, Ep. 94.

<sup>2</sup> Homil., 50 and 64 in Matth.

<sup>3</sup> John Henry Newman. Compare, for instance, Gregory's second oration, §7, with the oft-quoted passage of Newman, where he speaks of his "rest in the thought of two and two only, absolute and luminously self-evident beings—myself and my Creator."

to the pagans "wealth, high birth, fame, honor, and all the treasures of the earth, whose charms vanish like a dream; but rhetoric I do lay claim to, nor do I regret the trouble and labor, the travels by land and sea, which I had to undertake to become master of it. I clung to it, and still I cling to it, next to what is the foremost of all things—I mean the divine, and the hope of the invisible."<sup>1</sup> Basil wrote a whole treatise to the same effect. Rhetoric had indeed become part and parcel of these men's nature. Unfortunately, rhetoric at that late hour preferred stilts to shoes and artificial flowers to those that grow in the fields. Who that is familiar with Ælius Aristides' style, and the kite's tails of epithets he tacks on to the subjects of his admiration, would fail to be reminded of him when the Bishop of Cæsarea describes the Trinity as "a ring, adorable in its eternal glory, containing ever the same divinity, and one alone; unbroken, undivided, unsevered, filling all, existing in all, creating, sustaining, sanctifying, and animating."<sup>2</sup> Or when Gregory Nazianzen takes one's breath away by defining baptism as nothing short of "the soul's light and splendor, life's transformation, the root of a good conscience, help in weakness, mortification of the flesh, animation of the spirit, participation in Logos, renovation of the creature, the wiping out of sins, the communication of light, the expulsion of darkness, the vessel that takes us to God, the journey with Christ, the illumination of faith, the perfection of the mind, the key to heaven, the improvement of life, the abolition of servitude, the striking off of the fetters, the turning around to what is good."<sup>3</sup>

It is not that the Fathers were unaware of the danger both to themselves and to their audiences in the display of oratorical skill for its own sake. They laid it down as a fundamental principle that sermons should be plain as a peas-

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<sup>1</sup> Or. 4, 100 [in Julian]; *conf.* Or. 6, 5.

<sup>2</sup> *Contr. Eunomium*, v., 317.

<sup>3</sup> Or. 40, 30. *Conf.* the same writer's Or. 29, 20; further Gregory Nysen's Or. in baptism. *Christ* (Migne XLVI., 588 ff.), Chrysost.; *De Resurrectione*; In *Eutropium*, 1 and 2, and numerous others.

ant's speech, humble, and to the point. They admitted that, as Chrysostom expresses himself, there were preachers ever angling for applause, fancying that the kingdom of heaven was theirs as soon as the Church resounded with the clapping of hands, and suffering the agony of the lost when their brilliant tirades were listened to in silence. The criticizing of sermons from a purely literary point of view, and the enthusiasm on the same ground, were, so the Fathers inform us, even rife in the Christian congregations than at the public contests of pagan sophists.

The trouble was that to the vast majority of those that thronged the churches the dogmas of the Trinity and of the resurrection were little more than a welcome improvement upon the worn-out topics of the sophists' discourses—the greatness of Zeus, the grandeur of Rome, or the beauties of baldness. And however sagely the Fathers themselves might argue while in the cooling atmosphere of the study—once they stood on the platform, with thousands of eager faces in front of them, the intoxication of popularity rose to their heads, and their speech pranced along like a horse with the reins hanging loose. John Chrysostom, who so often spoke of forbidding all applause in his churches, but never carried out this intention, appearing probably none too earnest about it—during one of his sermons applause broke forth just at a fine demonstration of the impropriety of such outbursts<sup>1</sup>—John Chrysostom allowed himself to be carried off by his power of words as much as any of the Fathers. There is a sermon of his in which he praises the empress for coming unexpectedly in the night-time into his church, accompanied by her courtiers, after walking several miles in a procession with some martyrs' relics.<sup>2</sup> This is how it opens:

What shall I say? Of what shall I speak? I exult and am stricken with sacred rage, which is better than wisdom. I fly, I leap, I am raised above everything. I am drunk with spiritual joy! What shall I say? Of what shall I speak? Of the virtue of the martyrs, the zeal of their love, or

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<sup>1</sup> Hom. 30 in Acta Apost.

<sup>2</sup> XII., 330.

the zeal of the empress? Of this assembly of great people, of Satan's shame, of the defeat of the spirits of hell? Of the nobility of the Church, the power of the cross, the wounds of the Crucified One? Of the honor of the Father, the grace of the Holy Ghost, the delight of all the people, the jubilation of the whole city?

In this manner he continues for quite a while, until at last he decides upon speaking of "women who generally stay in their rooms. Such delicate persons! they now leave their houses and vie with the strongest men in holy enthusiasm. They walk such a long distance on foot, . . . and neither the weakness of their nature nor their refined mode of life could keep them back." And thus he goes on until the reader's head is reeling, which indeed comes to pass long before he is through.

But the most curious evidence of a Father's infatuation with his own rhetoric is furnished by something that once befell Gregory Nazianzen. The readers of his autobiographical poem<sup>1</sup> will remember a certain Maximus, whom Gregory styles "another Proteus." He certainly was very changeable. An adept in the cynical philosophy, he at one time professed a great zeal for Christianity, particularly as expounded by Gregory, who then was bishop and a man of influence. Gregory was delighted with the admiring attention of the clever philosopher and rhetorician, who, as he puts it in his poem, with an allusion to the original meaning of the word "cynic," "pursued the infidel mob with his fierce bark." Later Maximus turned on Gregory, revealing a character not only fickle and faithless, but spiteful and venomous to a degree. Gregory had to confess that he had been outrageously deceived, and throughout the affair he had undeniably shown but scant knowledge of human nature. If, however, this had been all, nobody would have found any serious fault on that score with the impressionable bishop. But there existed an oration<sup>2</sup> in which Gregory had called on Maximus to "come forth and approach this sacred place, this mystic table,<sup>3</sup> where I ac-

<sup>1</sup> "De Vita Sua Carmen."

<sup>2</sup> Or. 45.

<sup>3</sup> The communion table.

compleish thy deification in a mysterious manner, . . . that I may adorn thee with wreaths and loudly proclaim thee as victor, not at Olympia, or in a little Grecian theater, but before God and his angels and the whole Church." Besides still more praise in the same solemn strain, the oration contains an abundance of frightful puns on the word "cynic." Maximus is "a dog, not in boldness, but in frankness; not in gluttony, but because he lets to-morrow take care of itself; not on account of his bark, but because he guards the beautiful, and, while barking at every stranger, wags his tail at the friends of virtue."

Now, two courses were open to the author of this eulogy, on finding the subject so woefully unworthy of it: either to destroy it outright, or allow it to go down to posterity with a postscriptum attached, making full acknowledgment of the delusion under which it had been written. But doubtless Gregory feared by the latter device to deprive his eloquence of its flavor; and as for suppressing it altogether, why, would not that have been a crime against all connoisseurs of the rhetorician's noble art, who would thus miss the opportunity of going into ecstasy over the dog that barks at strangers to virtue, but wags its tail at virtue's friends? And so Gregory chose of all the silliest way out of the dilemma: he simply substituted the fictitious name of "Heron" for that of Maximus, in all other respects leaving the oration exactly as it was.

Howbeit it is but a fair and well-founded supposition that in most cases the Fathers performed their literary labors in a spirit of sincere devotion, feeling their hearts beating joyfully while penning what they intended for a humble, though not glaringly inadequate, tribute to the great mysteries of the Christian religion. It is indeed from this view-point that the whole work of the Greek Fathers should be judged. They might be styled a school of rhetoricians let loose upon Christian dogma, but the definition would not be an exhaustive one. They were filled with admiration for the Platonic philosophy as taught by the lecturers of the day, but their laboriously acquired dexterity in the handling of



Platonic terms served them only as a means of elucidating and solidifying the various departments of Christian belief. And precisely for these reasons did they value rhetoric so highly, because by nothing else, or so it seemed to them, might that same belief be as properly and splendidly adorned. In the writings of Plato the Fathers found, as it were, presages of that doctrine of the divine Logos, or Word, which, wrapped in mysterious terms, appears in the opening verse of the Fourth Gospel. In his teaching concerning the pre-existence of the soul, its being destined to behold the higher world, the world of ideas, and its present state of banishment on earth, there was much that they could turn to use in expounding the doctrine of the original state of innocence in paradise, the fall, and the final bliss, when the elect shall see God. Others before them, such as Clement of Alexandria and Origen, had availed themselves of Greek philosophy to lend definite form to what struck them as obscure hints of profound mysteries in the sacred books of the Jews and the Gospels. Clement called philosophy "the light, the picture of truth, and a gift from God to the Greeks, . . . which educated them, as faith did the Jews, that both might be led to Christ."<sup>1</sup> But the writings of the Greek Fathers were calculated to acquire much more direct importance for the development of the Church's dogmas than those of the Alexandrian theologians. The latter, as a rule, had but to state the leading thoughts of Christianity as against outward enemies—pagans, or gnostics, who were themselves at least three-fourth pagans. Far different was the one great task before the Greek Fathers—namely, that of purifying the Church from within by driving out of it false teachers, men glorying in the name of Christians, albeit failing in their perception of the proper homage to be rendered unto Christ.

There was the priest Arius, who averred that the Son of God, Logos, was created out of nothing, not begotten from eternity, thus lowering the dignity of Christ. This heresy

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<sup>1</sup> Clemens Alex. *Stromata* I., 5, 6.

was widely discussed, and for a time by dint of persistent agitation quite commonly adopted. The Arians would stop women in the street and ask them, did they ever have a son before giving birth to one?<sup>1</sup> According to Gregory Nyssen, if you asked the baker for the price of his bread, he would reply that the Son was created out of nothing, and when you inquired if the bath was ready, you would be informed that the Father is greater than the Son, and the Son subject to the Father. Then there was Apollinaris, a bishop, who maintained that the divine intelligence in Christ superseded the necessity of his having any other, human, intellect. And there was another bishop, Nestorius, who deprecated the use of the term "Mother of God," as applied to the Virgin Mary, because out of sheer ignorance, as the historian Socrates charitably accounts for it,<sup>2</sup> he deemed it blasphemous so to designate any woman. The Logos, he said, was not born of Mary, but at the moment when she conceived, it came down from heaven to dwell in her offspring as in a temple prepared for it by the Holy Ghost. Nor was it the Logos that suffered and died on Calvary, but only the human nature wherein it had taken up its abode. Such teaching, however, was abhorred by the antagonists of Nestorius as detracting not only from the greatness of Mary, but, indeed, from that of the divine Word as well, because it weakened the union of the latter with the flesh, thereby making its sacrifice for the redemption of mankind less awe-inspiring.<sup>3</sup> There were heretics of the stamp of Eunomius and the adherents of Macedonius, one time Bishop of Constantinople, declaring that the Holy Ghost did not participate in the divinity and creative power of the Father and the Son, but was himself a creature, although the only one of his kind, the first and highest of all created. The Macedonians even attempted to prove their assertion by pointing to the alleged use by the inspired writers of entirely different prepositions when speaking of the relations

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<sup>1</sup>Athanasius Or., I., 22.

<sup>2</sup>H. E., VII., 29 ff.

<sup>3</sup>Migne, XLVIII., 759 ff; *conf.* St. Cyril's Ep. 4, Migne, LXXVII., 45 ff.

to creation of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. If these men were to be believed, of the Father, the sacred Scriptures say that all is *from* him (ἐκ πατρός); of the Son, that all is *by* him (διὰ τὸν υἱόν); of the Holy Ghost, that it is *in* him (ἐν πνεύματι). But, knowing as much about Greek prepositions as most people and a good deal more than the Macedonians, such rhetoricians as Basil and Gregory Nazianzen had an easy task indeed proving that the three prepositions in question were employed in the books of the New Testament not in the manner claimed by the heretics, but promiscuously; as, for instance, in Romans xi., 36, where they are all of them applied to the Son.<sup>1</sup>

The Fathers were indeed ever ready to give battle against the countless heresies that kept cropping out in the fourth and fifth centuries. Some one was sure to detect the enemy, and cry alarm on the spot. If it was not St. Athanasius, it might be one of the three Cappadocians—St. Basil, St. Gregory Nyssen, and St. Gregory Nazianzen—and if, later in the day, the whole world might seem for a while to be napping, St. Cyril of Alexandria would not fail to appear in the arena for order and persistency, a host in himself, and backed, moreover, by an army of Egyptian monks of an orthodoxy as steep and unbending as the obelisks of their country.

It should be remembered what these men had to contend with. Not every bishop, nor all monks, were men of solid learning and sound doctrine. The fact that at the so-called "Robber Synod" of Ephesus the bishop of Constantinople was kicked and clubbed almost to death by another bishop and numerous monks becomes still more regrettable when one considers that the kicking and clubbing were wholly unorthodox.

In the long run, however, dialectics proved more powerful by far than blows and stabs. Orthodoxy carried the day. But little did its champions suspect that through them spoke the Greek race, the last time practically for a thou-

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<sup>1</sup> Basil, *Contra Eunom.*, and *De Spiritu Sanctu*; Gregory Nazianzen, *Or.* 31.

sand years to come, to the whole of civilized Europe; spoke, indeed, in words that neither passed unheeded at the time, nor were allowed to remain barren in the ensuing course of years. The Greeks, who no longer, as of old, were capable of making beautiful epics, tragedies, statues, and histories, still retained enough of mental acumen and verbal facility to make ingenious dogmas. Of their peculiar national knack in this line the Fathers were perfectly conscious, and they were proud of it, too. "We do not profess belief in a *Jewish*, narrow, envious, weak Deity," exclaims Gregory Nazianzen,<sup>1</sup> and others of his countrymen express themselves in a kindred spirit. They were Greeks determined to make the Jews acknowledge that even though the Son of God had condescended to be born among them, it was not until the younger brothers of Plato got hold of Christianity and subjected it to a thorough philosophical treatment, that a system of Christian doctrine worthy of its sublime subject was constructed. And by the very fact that this construction was performed and might only be performed by means of philosophy and rhetoric, did these sciences obtain, as it were, rights of citizenship in the Christian community, from which, at the dawn of the new era, zealots had endeavored to bar them out as idolatrous abominations.<sup>2</sup>

It is true that even in the best patristic literature the degenerating of Hellenism into Byzantinism is unmistakable. But after all Byzantinism was a descendant that was ever proud and mindful of her glorious ancestress, and when at last occasion offered had a very effectual share in bringing about her resurrection.

JOAKIM REINHARD.

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<sup>1</sup>Or. 25, 16.

<sup>2</sup>Tertull., *De præscript. hæretic*, 8; *conf.* Hieronym., *Epist.* 12, 22, and *Apol. adv. Rufin*, I., toward the close.

## A POETICAL PROBLEM.

IN his essay on the Poet, Emerson affirms that the changing spirit of the age is ever seeking its poetic voice: "The experience of each new age requires a new confession, and the world seems always waiting for its poet, . . . the foremost watchman of the peak. . . . Sacred history attests that the birth of a poet is the principal event in chronology." Something of this sentiment one naturally feels on taking up a volume of new poems that have already made a certain impression. Is this man the herald of a new age in poetry? Is he himself destined to be the great poet of his generation? What truth of nature, deep-seated in our mystic frame, has he to deliver? what latent faculty of soul to reveal and exercise?

Somewhat of this pleasurable sensation of expectancy, of excited curiosity, moved the present writer as he opened the volume of "New Poems," by Mr. Francis Thompson. He can not do better at the outset than to summarize the impressions produced by a first rapid reading of the book. In the prevailing slang of the studios, they were decidedly "impressionistic." The first poem yielded an effect of vague perfume rather than of thought. As one worked further into the volume one became conscious of sensations melting into one another—of that blending of the reports of the various senses of which Shelley was fond. The author's psychology was indistinct—a blend of fancy and feeling—not imagination or passion; his prevailing mood was dreamy—he seemed to hover on a mystic borderland. His preference, among forms of verse, seemed to be for the irregular, odelike strains known as dithyrambic. Ere long one was struck by strange words of Latin derivation, and by tortured syntax. The deepest point observed was a remarkable blend or transcendence of sex-distinctions—androgynous, shall we call it, or hermaphrodite? Such philosophy as was



discoverable had a gnostic tang, and consisted in the ancient opposition of matter and spirit. This appeared most plainly in the "Anthem of Earth," the best piece in the collection. The deeply religious, Christian, even ecclesiastical tone, illustrated by many figures, struck one forcibly in an agnostic age. One felt disposed to ask: Are these verses a corollary of the ritual movement? A little further, it was made manifest that our author is a Roman Catholic, and the whole problem—diction, sentiment, and all—was resolved.

Right here one must record a conviction that this man has the essential thing, the true stuff and substance of poetry, however mixed with slag and dross. Serious indictments have been brought against him: that his lines are unmusical, that his phraseology is obscure, uncouth, even to the point of causing suspicion of affected obscurity; that in consequence it takes too much study to get at his meaning, that there is no pleasure in reading his verses. Damaging charges these—yet such as have been brought against every original poet; for it is inevitable that the fresher a man's message is the less will it be understood by the majority. Our author would do well, however, to heed these criticisms, and not soothe their sting with the flattering unction suggested; for they amount to this, that his verses lack *charm*—and the poetry, however great, that fails in grace, in natural magic, is doomed, as Browning's is. Moreover, it is perfectly possible to deliver a message, no matter how novel, in a form that admits of no doubt as to its meaning.

We proceed to deepen or correct our first impressions by a second careful reading.

Mr. Thompson's vocabulary, while it leaves, on the whole, an impression of opulence, is certainly, in part, reprehensible. We do not object to his use of the word "mere" in a fine, imaginative line,

The moonless mere of sighs,

for it may be said to have been restored to English poetry by Tennyson; nor would we quarrel with him about the old

Saxon term "rede!" We would, indeed, willingly excuse more of such Saxon revivals, of which this is perhaps the only instance in the book. They would certainly be far less objectionable, in poetry, than the many uncouth Latin derivatives with which he weighs down his verses. We do not condemn his use of unusual terms, such as "accipitrine," "flexuous," "irradiant," "nervures," "resilient" (a reminiscence of Coleridge); or condemn unqualifiedly such rare words as "decuman," "discinct," "paludament," "sciential," "surmisa" (echoes of Milton, these last), and "vidual" (used by Jeremy Taylor). Such is the legitimate method by which poets expand our vocabulary and correct its tendency to shrink. Grave and almost unqualified objection holds, however, against the use by a comparatively unknown writer of verses of distinctly obsolete terms like "arcane," "coerule," "destrier," "meinie" "ossuaries," "populacy," "tyranness," "vaward." Some of these were used by Spenser and Sir Thomas Browne—and though this fact will not avail our author, it helps to indicate, neatly, his chosen period of culture—the first half of the seventeenth century: he is in his element therein. Finally, only a poet laureate or great poet of established reputation can take the liberty of coining words, as "enrondured," "falless," "fluctuance," "fluctuous," "inassuageable," "inaureole," "intemperably," "lutany" (favorite inventions these), "tremorous," "uneuphrasied;" in a poetic aspirant it is guilt. Words in this last list, taken in connection with the other verbal classes, betray and are explained by our author's religious culture; he is plainly a victim of the diction of Douai.

Two lines from a poem in which he attains his greatest relative clearness of expression,

And how self-scornèd they the bounty fills  
Of others, and the bread, even of their dearest, take—

will serve to illustrate a besetting vice of syntax (in this case an unwarrantable omission of relatives) and the obscurity arising therefrom—a serious impediment, indubitably,

to one's enjoyment of the poems. Matters are not improved by occasional typographical errors—inexcusable in the printing of poetry.

As an example of cacophony—strange in one who professes to love music—a single line will suffice, that like a wounded snake drags its slow length along:

It bursts; yet dream's snapped links cling round the limbs.

Surely the force of harshness could no farther go; and generally we miss in these verses the tranced, enchanting flow, the haunting melody of the sovereign poets. It is surprising how few quotable lines they afford, the best, perhaps, from this point of view being the following:

For all the past, read true, is prophecy.

For low they fall whose fall is from the sky.

Why have we longings of immortal pain,

And all we long for mortal?

For an approach to natural magic let us take this spirited figure of wind, cloud, and wave:

Vault, O young winds, vault in your tricksome courses

Upon the snowy steeds that reinless use

In coerule pampas of the heaven to run;

Foaled of the white sea-horses,

\*Washed in the lambent waters of the sun.

One can not help noting how greatly the verse would be improved by the substitution of "azure" for the archaic "coerule." We sympathize with the poet's sense of compunction, expressed in his "Retrospect," and cordially commend his resolution of silence until "a wiser day:"

Meantime the silent lip,

Meantime the climbing feet.

To pass to the emotional, imaginative, and spiritual contents of the volume: it opens with a group of poems that treat of the poet and his inspiration. Mr. Thompson expounds, in paradoxical fashion that would seem designed to repel the uninitiated, a doctrine of vision, of poetical clairvoyance and clairaudience, practically identical with that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Both teach that the bard is a

spiritual medium between two worlds, the unseen and the seen; both hold, with Shelley, that his inward eye must be purged by suffering. Our poet elaborates these points, laying great stress upon the necessity of pain, the condition of divine inspiration, while in one of his deepest and most difficult utterances, "By Reason of Thy Law," he explains that pain and every mortal obstacle must be transcended by the poet's high conviction and resolution. An example of paradox is afforded by the counsel given the poet by his "Mistress of Vision: "

Pierce thy heart to find the key;  
With thee take  
Only what none else would keep;  
Learn to dream when thou dost wake,  
Learn to wake when thou dost sleep.  
Learn to water joy with tears,  
Learn from fears to vanquish fears;  
To hope, for thou dar'st not despair,  
Exult, for that thou dar'st not grieve;  
Plough thou the rock until it bear;  
Know, for thou else could'st not believe;  
Love, that the lost thou may'st receive;  
Die, for none other way canst live.

An ensuing group is inspired by the sentiment of love and reflection upon it. The finest piece in this series, "Love Declared," is the most, perhaps properly the only, passionate utterance in the volume:

I looked, she drooped, and neither spake, and cold  
We stood, how unlike all forecasted thought  
Of that desired minute! Then I leaned  
Doubting; whereat she lifted—oh, brave eyes  
Unfrighted: forward like a wind-blown flame  
Came bosom and mouth to mine! That falling kiss  
Touching long-laid expectance, all went up  
Suddenly into passion; yea, the night  
Caught, blazed, and wrapped us round in vibrant fire.  
Time's beating wing subsided, and the winds  
Caught up their breathing, and the world's great pulse  
Stayed in mid-throb, and the wild train of life  
Reeled by, and left us stranded on a hush.  
This moment is a statue unto Love  
Carved from a fair white silence. Lo, he stands  
Within us—are we not one now, one, one roof,

His roof, and the partition of weak flesh  
 Gone down before him, and no more, forever?—  
 Stands like a bird new-lit, and as he lit,  
 Poised in our quiet being; only, only,  
 Within our shaken hearts the air of passion,  
 Cleft by his sudden coming, eddies still  
 And whirs round his enchanted movelessness.

Here belongs, as a pendant, the following little "Nocturn," a faithful rendering of the restless ecstasy of a voluptuous summer night:

I walk, I only,  
 Not I only wake;  
 Nothing is, this sweet night,  
 But doth couch and wake  
 For its love's sake;  
 Everything, this sweet night,  
 Couches with its mate.  
 For whom but for the stealthy-visitant sun  
 Is the naked moon  
 Tremulous and elate?  
 The heaven hath the earth  
 Its own and all apart;  
 The hushed pool holdeth  
 A star to its heart.  
 You may think the rose sleepeth,  
 But though she folded is,  
 The wind doubts her sleeping;  
 Not all the rose sleeps,  
 But smiles in her sweet heart  
 For crafty bliss.  
 The wind lieth with the rose,  
 And when he stirs, she stirs in her repose:  
 The wind hath the rose,  
 And the rose her kiss.  
 Ah, mouth of me!  
 Is it then that this  
 Seemeth much to thee?—  
 I wander only,  
 The rose hath her kiss.

The ideal of female beauty suggested is the delicate, sad, æsthetic, Pre-Raphaelitic type made familiar by Sir Edward Burne-Jones:

Sweet lady, how  
 Little a linking of the hand to you!  
 Though I should touch yours careless for a year,



Not one blue vein would lie divineller blue  
Upon your fragile temple, to unsphere  
The seraphim for kisses! Not one curve  
Of your sad mouth would droop more sad and sweet.

O sweetness past profaning guess,  
Grievous with its own exquisiteness!  
Vesperlike face, its shadows bright  
With meanings of sequestered light;  
Drooped with shamefast sanctities  
She purely fears eyes can not miss,  
Yet would blush to know she *is*.  
Ah, who can view with passionless glance  
This tear-compelling countenance!

As he contemplates the feminine ideal the poet is rapt out of himself; his love transpires in adoration; he apotheosizes woman until she attains cosmic proportions; by the woman comes salvation. Thus he ranges himself amid the new school of so-called "feminist" writers, and illustrates, besides, the Mary-worshipping tendencies of his communion. His favorite imagery is sexual, and in moments of transport he undergoes a strange metathesis of sex or nympholepsy; he compares himself to a girl faint through excess of love; a babe stirs within him; again, he is a mother, suckling her first-born. His love of children and imaginative insight into their simple modes of thought finds quaint expression in the little piece, "*Ex Ore Infantium*." An extraordinary feature is an occasional escape of his soul from the besetting alternative of sex, a fusion or transcendence of its dualism—an inspiration toward a higher, an ultimate unity or re-absorption—that recalls some Gnostic speculation of old time:

Nature one hour appears a thing unsexed,  
Or to such serene balance brought  
That her twin natures cease their sweet alarms,  
And sleep in one another's arms.

Soothsay. Behold, with rod twy-serpented,  
Hermes the prophet, twining in one power  
The woman with the man.

One associates with this strain of thought that identification or assimilation of the senses before noted: he divines the "form of sound." Of the setting sun he declares:

Thy visible music-blasts make deaf the sky,  
I see the crimson blaring of thy shawms!

This introduces us naturally to another remarkable feature—his sun-worship; Mr. Thompson is an avowed Parsee, and can exclaim with Helena:

—thus, Indianlike,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun, that looks upon his worshiper,  
But knows of him no more.

"In this field," he sings, "where the cross planted reigns,"

I know not what strange passion bows my head  
To thee, whose great command upon my veins  
Proves thee a god for me not dead, not dead!

He rejoices in the miracle of spring, when the sun, earth's bridegroom, approaches in his strength; the poems that come nighest grandeur are addressed to the sun, mostly in its westerling aspect: the "Orient Ode," "Ode to the Setting Sun," "To the Sinking Sun," "A Sunset," and in part "An Anthem of Earth." The beauty of the clouds of heaven also fascinates him, and this helps to make plain that his strength lies in color, light, and motion—not in form; that is to say, he is a romantic as distinguished from a classic poet—he belongs in the series last represented, in England, by Mrs. Browning and the Rossettis, brother and sister. Planets and stars also are favorite symbols of his—and in connection with these images of brightness and swiftness we note (an interesting point in this interpretation) his fondness for figures derived from falconry and the chase.

Omissions are about as essential in the interpretation of a writer, in clearing up one's thoughts about him, as are his salient features. One notes in Mr. Thompson an utter absence of the sentiment of patriotism, interest in politics, or concern for the welfare of the poor; his interests are subjective, wholly aloof from the absorbing practical questions of the hour. In this he reminds us of the Caroline lyrists. There appears to be in these poems—published in the Jubilee year—not only no praise nor criticism of his country, but

not even an allusion to England or mention of her name. Italy is or evidently would be more congenial to his temperament—but, strangely enough, there occurs no Italian reference, no evidence, in fact, of foreign travel.

"An Anthem of Earth" contains his deepest thought about humanity. The verse rises at times to a truly Shaksperian cadence. That this is not an extravagant estimate a selection will show; and, coupled with the last long selections, will also show how our poet's thought oscillates between the poles of love and death:

Ay, Mother! Mother!  
What is this man, thy darling kissed and cuffed,  
Thou lustingly engender'st,  
To sweat, and make his brag, and rot,  
Crowned with all honor and all shamefulness?  
From nightly towers  
He dogs the secret footsteps of the heavens,  
Sifts in his hands the stars, weighs them as gold-dust,  
And yet is he successive unto nothing  
But patrimony of a little mold  
And entail of four planks. Thou hast made his mouth  
Avid of all dominion and all mightiness,  
All sorrow, all delight, all topless grandeurs,  
All beauty, and all starry majesties,  
And dim transstellar things; even that it may,  
Filled in the ending with a puff of dust,  
Confess—"It is enough." The world left empty  
What that poor mouthful crams. His heart is bulged  
For pride, for potency, infinity,  
All heights, all deeps, and all immensities,  
Arrased with purple like the house of kings,  
To stall the gray rat, and the carrion-worm  
Statelily lodge. Mother of mysteries!  
Sayer of dark sayings in a thousand tongues,  
Who bringeth forth no saying yet so dark  
As we ourselves, thy darkest!

Elsewhere, in Herbertlike verses that also treat of the strength and weakness of man, he calls him a

Swinging-wicket set  
Between  
The Unseen and Seen.

This suggests a reference to our author's attitude toward natural science. As has appeared already, his nature is in-

tensely religious, and he asserts in forcible terms the impotence of science in the sphere of the spiritual, and exposes the absurdity of its arrogant assumption that its ignorance should be the measure of all things in heaven and earth. He will not "thrust his arm in nature shoulder-high, and cry, 'There's naught beyond!'"

Rather, nay,  
By baffled seeing, something I divine  
Which baffles, and a seeing set beyond.

He prefaces some of his pieces with lines from the Bible, in one instance from the Vulgate version, and some of his favorite metaphors are suggested by the eucharistic service of his Church and objects used thereat. Thus he likens the sun to

a silver thurible  
Solemnly swung, slowly,  
Fuming clouds of golden fire for a cloud of incense-smoke;

and again compares it to a consecrated host drawn from its Orient tabernacle by the priestly Day—who in his turn is served by Twilight, a "violet-cassocked acolyte"—and set at last "within the flaming monstrance of the West." He tells of "the passing shower that rainbows maniple," and with him spring's snowdrops wear "saintly stoles." His piety is infected sometimes, no doubt inevitably, with the feverish devotionality of the cultus of the Sacred Heart:

And the roses were most red, for she dipped them in her heart.

As we reflect upon his clairvoyant theory of poetry, the acquaintance with pain to which he testifies, the luxury he finds in solar heat, his type of female beauty, the occasional almost hysterical strain in his love-passion and religion, his subjection to moods, and confusion of the senses of sight and hearing, we become convinced that these are phenomena of a somewhat morbid state of health, or exceptional delicacy of constitution, and the impression is confirmed by our author's own admission. He feels his body as a clog; his inspiration is *mired* by it. Connected with this, undoubtedly, is a pervasive sense of failure—of despondency, dissatisfaction, and fruitless longing.

Why have we longings of immortal pain,  
And all we long for mortal?

He charges his age with partial responsibility for his failure;  
it is "an age of faith grown frore."

If not in all too late and frozen a day  
I come in rearward of the throats of song,  
Unto the deaf sense of the aged year  
Singing with doom upon me; yet give heed!  
One poet with sick pinion, that still feels  
Breath through the Orient gateways closing fast,  
Fast closing t'ward the undelighted night!

Winter with me, alack!  
Winter on every hand I find:  
Soul, brain, and pulses dead;  
The mind no further by the warm sense fed,  
The soul weak-stirring in the arid mind,  
I have sung vanity,  
And nothing well devised.

We conclude these melancholy confessions with a few lines and stanzas from "The Cloud's Swan-Song"—one of the most generally intelligible pieces in the book, full of truth and beauty—which seems to have attained the highest relative degree of popularity:

A lonely man, oppressed with lonely ills  
And all the glory fallen from my song,  
Here do I walk among the windy hills,  
The wind and I keep both one monotoning tongue. . . .

And barren is my song, and barren is my heart.  
For who can work, unwitting his work's worth?  
Better, meseems, to know the work for naught,  
Turn my sick course back to the kindly earth,  
And leave to ampler plumes the jetting tops of thought. . . .

Now with starved brain, sick body, patience galled  
With fardels even to wincing—

suddenly some cloud that he had not observed as he walked, wrapped in these gloomy cogitations, expired in a little shower, and changed the current of his thought; sentiment and expression now flower into their utmost relative beauty in this book—and that beauty is Wordsworthian:

It was a pilgrim of the fields of air,  
Its home was allwheres the wind left it rest,



And in a little forth again did fare,  
And in all places was a stranger and a guest.  
It harked all breaths of heaven, and did obey  
With sweet peace their uncomprehended wills;  
It knew the eyes of stars which made no stay,  
And with the thunder walked upon the lonely hills. . . .  
Right poet! who thy rightness to approve,  
Having all liberty, didst keep all measure,  
And with a firmament for ranging, move  
But at the heavens' uncomprehended pleasure.  
With amplitude unchecked, how sweetly thou  
Didst wear the ancient custom of the skies,  
And yoke of used prescription; and thence how  
Find gay variety no license could devise! . . .  
Could I face firm the Is, and with To-be  
Trust Heaven; to Heaven commit the deed, and do;  
In power contained, calm in infirmity,  
And fit myself to change with virtue ever new;  
Thou had'st not shamed me, cousin of the sky,  
Thou wandering kinsman, that did'st sweetly live  
Unnoted, and unnoted sweetly die,  
Weeping more gracious song than any I can weave.

In the opinion of the writer, Francis Thompson's function has been to add one crimson streak to the sunset of Victorian poetry.

GREENOUGH WHITE.

## A STUDY OF RACINE'S "ANDROMAQUE."

The production of "Andromaque" in November, 1667, is one of the great dates in the history of the French stage—no because this play is greater than the "Iphégénie" or the "Athalie," but because it marked a new conception of the tragedian's art. To understand this it is necessary to bear in mind the previous development of classical tragedy in France, of which a brief account may be given here, while the student who desires to pursue the subject further may be referred to the "*Histoire de la langue et de la littérature française*," edited by L. Petit de Julleville (Vols. 3, 4, and 5), with the literature there cited.

Up to the time of Alexandre Hardy (1572 to 1631?) tragedy in France was a direct product of the revival of classical learning and of an endeavor to imitate Seneca. The result was to produce execrable plays with some fine verses in them, usually of a lyric or elegiac character. Hardy, who began his literary career as the "poet" of a troupe of wandering actors in 1593, and after visits to Paris in 1599, 1600, and 1604, established himself there in 1606, broke with the Latin tradition. He wrote dramas to be acted, not to be read; and for the first two decades of the seventeenth century he practically filled the stage of the capital. It is said that he produced seven hundred plays, but of these only thirty-four are printed, embracing thirteen tragi-comedies, eleven tragedies, five mythological pieces, and five pastorals.

Speaking generally, it may be said that Hardy preserved the dramatic devices and methods of the stage as he found it, but he retrenched the lyric and rhetorical excesses of the classicists, lengthened his plays to from twelve hundred to eighteen hundred verses, and broke up his acts regularly into scenes, to which he gave a more dramatic effect. He also increased considerably the number of actors. But, while he preserved the unity of action in his tragedies, all of which culminate in a tragic crisis, he did not heed the unities of time

or of place, and so sacrificed much of the artistic effect of concentration that is a glory of the drama of Racine.

In his dramatic psychology Hardy suggests more power than he realized. One feels especially toward the close of his career that he was unjust to his own genius, and wrote to please an audience of "artisans, pages, lackeys, and scamps," who cared more for spectacle, farce, and melodrama than for the exhibition or development of character. So, while his popularity still continued, his place in the development of the drama as a literary genre was taken after about 1620 by Théophile de Viau and by Racan, who, in deference to the rising spirit of preciosity that was to influence the entire century, cultivated a more careful but also a more artificial style, abounding in metaphor, paraphrase, and deftly turned phrases or points. The lyric element now reappears, inspired by the Italian pastorals and by the universally popular "Astrée" of Urfé.

From 1620 till the rise of Corneille the stage is dominated by tragi-comedy, together with an undercurrent of farcical buffoonery; but it is noticeable that the stage was beginning to attract many men of literary training. Twenty-two more or less worthy dramatists publish plays between 1620 and 1629, and with the advent of Corneille in the latter year the production becomes for a time feverish, until the preeminence of Corneille becomes obvious to all men on his return to Paris, in 1639, to repeat the triumphs of his "Cid" (1636).

A natural result of the interest of literary men in the drama was to direct attention to questions of literary technic that up to 1625 had hardly concerned itself with the acted drama. It is to Mairet (1604-1686), in a preface published in 1631 to his "Silvanire" (1627), that we owe the first definite proclamation of the "unities" of the French classical drama—namely, that there must be a single uninterrupted action, and hence no change of place nor extension of time beyond a single day; or, as Boileau expressed it in a famous couplet:

Qu'en un lieu, qu'en un jour, un seul fait accompli  
Tienne jusqu'à la fin le théâtre rempli.

Not, indeed, that these unities were at first understood or applied as rigidly as they soon came to be. Mairet considers them applicable especially to the pastoral, and insists absolutely only on the twenty-four hours. He allows a considerable variety of scenes, so long as they are near one another, and he does not live up to the rule that he proclaims, that "there should be a principal action, to which all the others should be related as the lines of the circumference to the center." He insists also that the drama should not have less or more than five acts, and bases his rules on the example of the Italians, the authority of Aristotle and Horace, and, most of all, on sparing the imagination of the spectator by the greatest possible approximation to reality; for, as his ally, Chapelain, said: "Although it is true that what is represented is fiction, yet he who sees it should not look at it as feigned, but as true; for unless he so regard it, at least during the course of the play, he can not get from it the good that poetry strives to give him."

This effort toward dramatic naturalism appealed particularly to the logical turn of the French mind, and, though there was much eager discussion during the next six years, this idea of probability in dramatic representation extended rapidly from the pastoral to tragedy, where it was first consciously applied in Mairet's "Sophronisbe," in 1634, and received authoritative promulgation in 1637 in the "Sentiments de l' Académie sur le Cid;" for it was not the classical tragedy that developed the rules, but the rules that developed the classical tragedy, as is obvious from a close study of Corneille, whose regard for them grows steadily in proportion as he comes to have a clearer idea of the purpose and aims of tragic art.

In "Sophronisbe" Mairet had striven to rise from the romantic tragi-comedy of his time to a grander conception and a sustained gravity of diction and to make his tragedy more real by basing it on the facts of history; and so, in a very real sense, his play "opens the history of classic tragedy." A grave and severe treatment of the crises of history became

fashionable, and, though he abandoned the road that he had opened, Corneille, with a multitude of lesser men, carried in the next decade historical tragedy to the highest point that observation of the rules fostered or permitted; for the kind of excellence that can be thus attained is not the same as that open to the drama of Shakspeare and the romanticists.

So, when Corneille comes, he finds tragedy definitely established, with a fusion of classic and mediæval elements, with a tendency to comedy that gave it dramatic vivacity and with a lyric tendency that would lead to oratory and rhetorical declamation, but, above all, with a tendency to seek tragedy in history, in the struggle of will with circumstance, rather than in the psychic conflicts of the human heart. Tragedy, as he and his first contemporaries understood it, aroused admiration rather than tragic fear. They give us dramas of situation rather than of character. This is not true of Corneille's "Cid," but the "Cid" is an exceptional play, for this and other reasons.

Now this conception of tragedy is precisely that which least bears a strict application of the rules limiting the action to a single day or place, and Corneille, as a dramatic theorist, sees the necessity for more liberty than he ventures to accord himself. Speaking at the beginning of his career, he makes the sensible remark that the precepts of dramatic art are only "devices to facilitate means of giving pleasure;" and in 1660, writing as the undisputed master of the tragic scene, when his word must have been law to the young Racine, he does indeed take high ground, and rightly, on the unity of action, but hardly in regard to the other two, under whose tyranny he has suffered so long. "There must be," he admits, "a unity of peril, . . . though one may introduce several perils, provided they lead necessarily one to the other"—a definition which is thus amended by Lemaître: "What produces unity of action is a main series of acts that engender one another or proceed from the characters and the passions of the personages and conduct them by a change from their former condition to a new state that is likely to endure."



An external result of this effort at unity of action is the linking of scenes within an act which requires, or, at least, urges as an "ornament," that the stage be never left empty from the beginning of an act to its end, a rule less strictly observed by Corneille than by Racine. As for the effort to confine the action to a single day, which is classical neither in theory nor in practise, Corneille constantly sacrifices probability to it, and is obliged at last to say: "I should like to leave the duration of the action to the imagination of the hearers, and never to determine the time that it occupies, if the subject does not require it." It is almost pathetic to see the anxious care that he takes to avoid in practise what he accords himself so generously in theory, but Racine's theory and practise in this matter were of the straitest and most unswerving.

In regard to the unity of place, Corneille, like the honest man that he is, says he "would like to introduce stage fictions, like the legal fictions of the lawyers, to establish a dramatic place . . . that should be a hall, on which the different apartments open, to which I would attribute two privileges: first, that whoever speaks there should be presumed to speak with the same privacy as in his own apartment; and, second, that, though at times propriety would require that those on the stage should go to the apartments to meet those to whom they have to speak, these may come to them without shocking propriety so as to preserve the unity of place and the linking of the scenes."

The motive of all this was to approximate to the illusion of reality, but the result was to substitute one set of conventions for another. Now these conventions were those that appealed to a refined and scholarly public, to men who reasoned rather than felt; hence this triumph was a triumph of polite and educated society over the vulgar. Wherever the populace continued to make up the audience the rules were not observed. But from about 1640 the tragic stage found its support independent of the common people. Women of fashion frequented the theaters, and the great Cardinal lent

to the stage his patronage and active cooperation. This produced a more accurate delimitation of tragedy from comedy and an improvement in the moral tone of both. It gave scope also to the delicate and graceful fantasy of Rotrou and to the sugared euphuism of Quinault. The précieux spirit began to appear, while in tragedy proper the inevitable result of the unity of time was to force the action to begin on the eve of its crisis. This sufficed to make tragedy gain in intensity what it lost in variety, and produced a result wonderfully harmonious and compact.<sup>1</sup> But that the unities may be altogether beneficent it is necessary to divert the interest from the external atrocity of the action to the psychic crises of passion, and that is the change that characterizes the whole tragic production of Racine after 1667 and makes "Andromaque" a cardinal date in the evolution of the French stage.

In the drama of Corneille, as a whole, the distinguishing features are a cult of will, and hence a subordination of love as a passion to reason. The stock phrases in regard to him are: "Poet of duty, . . . of men as they ought to be, . . . of the triumph of reason over passion." All this makes his work, again with the exception of the "Cid," unique in its austerity, its moral energy, and grandeur. He has, it has been said, the superb imagination of a "megalomaniac stoic." It seemed to him, he said, that "the dignity of tragedy demands some greater interest of state or some passion more noble and masculine than love, such as ambition or vengeance, and that it should make us fear greater evils than the loss of a fair lady. It is quite proper to put love into tragedy, because it always is attractive, and may serve as the foundation of the other passions of which I speak; but it must be content with the second rank in the poem, and leave them the first." And this theory guided him during almost the whole of his dramatic career, leading him to successes that were glorious and to errors that were never ignoble; and it may be remarked in passing that his influence has been more

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<sup>1</sup> Lemaître in "Histoire de la langue et de la littérature française," IV., 284.

enduring in tragedy than that of Racine, whose traces are to be sought rather in comedy and in the novel.

When Racine returned to Paris, in 1663, and became a fashionable poet at the court of Louis XIV., it was natural that he should come into more or less close relations with the literary circle of which Molière, Boileau, and La Fontaine were the chief figures; and all these preached and practised what they called *bon sens*, an effort at reasonableness and nature in literature. And to this we owe not only his restrained vocabulary and comparatively simple diction—though he by no means escaped the influence of the précieux of the Hôtel Rambouillet and its successors—but also the radical change that he made in the nature of the conception of tragedy itself, not in the comparatively insignificant juvenile, "Thébaïde" (of 1664) and "Alexandre" (of 1665), but in "Andromaque" and in all the plays that followed. Corneille's historic atrocities attracted because of their singularity. The school of good sense would substitute for the rarer states of soul the universal passion of love, so that it is only in the intensity of its manifestation that the tragedy of Racine will differ from the comedy of Molière, while it will differ from the tragic ideal of Corneille in its ethical conception of the human soul as given over inevitably to the tragic fatalities of passion.

Since, then, Racine is dealing with a specialized form of a universally psychic condition, he needs no great extent of time or place to develop his inevitable unity of action. All that he requires is a conventional environment that may least distract the attention of the spectator and least restrict the development of passion in his characters. To secure this, he selects civilizations not hedged in by social conventions—heroic Greece, imperial Rome, Pontus, Judea, Constantinople—and persons whose station imposes on them the minimum of restraint. Under these conditions and with his conception of dramatic art the unities that had so tormented Corneille are so natural that, had he not found them ready to his hand, his good sense would inevitably have invented them.

The tragedy of "Andromaque" brings together in Epirus four persons familiar to the classic poets and to their imitators in the renaissance: Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, known to Euripides as Neoptolemos; and his beloved captive, Andromache, one the wife of the Trojan Hector; Hermione, daughter of Helen and Menelaus; and Orestes, the son of Agamemnon. The relations of these persons is in Racine as it was in Homer, Euripides, Ovid, Vergil, and Seneca. The situation in which he has placed them was, he says, suggested by Vergil's "Eneid," III., 292-305, a passage that he has translated in his preface. The action, and to some extent the characters, are his own invention, for the tragic conflict between maternal love and widowed constancy had been involved rather than anticipated in Corneille's "Pertharite," and neither the French Pyrrhus nor the two French Hectors that had gone before contributed anything but warning examples to Racine. But in order to judge of its relation to classic tradition it is necessary to consider first the action of "Andromaque" itself.

The first scene gives us the material and psychic situation of all parties to the tragedy. Orestes tells his refound friend, Pylades, at the court of Pyrrhus, that he has come to Epirus as ambassador of the Greek princes to demand the surrender of Hector's son, Astyanax, who, with his mother, Andromache, had fallen to the share of Pyrrhus after the sack of Troy, and, according to varying Greek traditions, had been killed long before either by Ulysses, Menelaus, or Pyrrhus himself. Orestes sought the embassy because he loved Hermione, who had scorned him in Sparta, but now occupied a somewhat equivocal position in Epirus, having come thither as the betrothed of Pyrrhus, who hesitated to marry her, because he loved Andromache—a situation of which Orestes hoped to take present advantage, for Pylades has observed that Hermione is vexed at the indifference of the king, who, Pylades thinks, will be able to force Andromache to accept his suit to save the life of her son. All this is involved with much art in a conversation of one hundred and forty-two

lines, in which Orestes betrays also his intense love and passionate nature. Filled with new hope, he presents (I., 2) the demands of the Greeks to Pyrrhus in a way likely to provoke the haughty refusal he secretly desires. Indeed, the king seems to cooperate with his plans, for he requests him to visit his relative Hermione (they were first cousins) before his departure (245), and seems haughtily to suggest that he would not be altogether displeased (254, 255) if Orestes took her with him, for he knows of Orestes' passion (250), and in conversation with his confidant, Phoenix, he confirms what Pylades had reported of his irritation at her presence (I., 3). Andromache now joins them, accompanied by her confidante, Céphise (I., 4), and Pyrrhus urges his suit with somewhat impetuous barbarity, telling her of the embassy of Orestes, assuring her that her possession alone will induce him to save Astyanax, and, after listening to her noble widow's lament and magnanimous counsel, bids her go visit her son, and in embracing him revise her resolution (384).

Thus ends the first and longest act. If Hermione will follow Orestes and Andromache accept the hand of Pyrrhus, all will be well. Yes; we feel that, with Hermione once away, Andromache could maintain her moral supremacy over Pyrrhus without yielding in anything to him. But we shall have reckoned without Hermione, in whom the hopefulness of Orestes arouses a passionate rage of jealousy, as we see from her conversation with her confidante, Cléone (II., 1), and with Orestes (II., 2). She is willing to sacrifice both him and herself to her vengeance. Therefore she seeks to hide her love for Pyrrhus from Orestes, and agrees to return with him to Greece, should Pyrrhus, with the choice put plainly before him by Orestes, elect to save Astyanax — not that she intends, as he imagines (II., 3), to crown his love, but only to inflame it, so that, in case Pyrrhus abandons her, she may use it for her vengeance. The hopes and plans of Orestes are unexpectedly crossed, however, by the offer of Pyrrhus (II., 4) to surrender Astyanax and to marry Hermione, since Andromache has again refused him, though he can not



hide that he loves her still, any more than Hermione would have hidden her love for Pyrrhus from the jealous Orestes, had he not been too blind to see it. Orestes withdraws desperate, his glowing passion ready to be forged to Hermione's purpose; but Pyrrhus, in conversation with Phoenix, shows that he still loves Andromache and still hopes to win her love, so that the second act closes in artistic suspense.

Orestes now determines on a forcible abduction of Hermione, whom he fondly imagines to prefer him to Pyrrhus (III., 1), but he finds her, as we expect, ready to accept the love of Pyrrhus without hesitation and coldly neglectful of Orestes (III., 2). Rejoicing in the valor of Pyrrhus, she has no fear of provoking the vengeance of Orestes (III., 3), and in her pride consents to receive the suppliant Andromache (III., 4), whose prayers she treats with scorn, and refers her with cold irony to Pyrrhus. But pride goes before a fall. As in Greek tragedy, Hybris summons Até. Andromache follows the advice contemptuously proffered. (III., 5.) She sees Pyrrhus, and by her presence and supplications inspires him with new hope (III., 6) and leads him to offer to conduct her to the temple prepared for his marriage with Hermione (III., 7). He leaves her, saying that he will return in a moment to crown her, or, should she refuse, to slay Astyanax before her eyes (986). In a superb scene she tells the conflicting motives that rend her soul, and determines at last to seek counsel at her husband's tomb. (III., 8.)

Thus the third act ends with the same question as the second, but now it is the mother that asks it, not the master; and so the intensity of the situation is ever increasing. The psychic climax, so far as Andromache is concerned, is reached, and in the first scene of the fourth act our minds are set at rest in regard to her and Astyanax: she will wed Pyrrhus, take from him at the altar a pledge to guard Astyanax, and then die, faithful to Hector, by her own hand. The psychic interest from now to the close centers in Hermione, who will show us that "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." She will have vengeance, and there shall no love

be mingled with her hate. Orestes shall serve her, but he shall not receive the price of his service. Her confidante informs her of Pyrrhus's changed mind and goads her to fury (IV., 2); she refuses the offer of Orestes to flee with him and arm all Greece for her vengeance, for then Pyrrhus would have had some happy marriage days. Orestes shall kill him at the very altar of Hymen, and to this the blinded lover consents. (IV., 3.) Then, after a scene with her confidante (IV., 4), in which her passion utters itself in geyser-bursts, the king comes to inform her of his decision, and extorts from her passionate declarations of love, followed by bitter reproaches and fiercest threats (IV., 5), but all in vain (IV., 6); so that the close of the fourth act seems to preclude all possibility of a peaceful solution.

Yet the opening of the fifth act finds her still tossed between love and hate, doubtful of her will (V. 1), until her thirst of vengeance is fanned by her confidante's account of the opening ceremonies of her rival's wedding; then, impatient at the delay of Orestes, she determines to go herself and slay the king (V., 2), when she is met by Orestes, returning to her with the news of the assassination of Pyrrhus by the Greek followers of Orestes. But, to his surprise, she greets him with imprecations. Now that Pyrrhus is dead, jealousy dies with him, and love alone survives. Determined to perish with her beloved, she rushes from the scene (V., 3), leaving the astonished Orestes to come to a consciousness of his crime and of its fruitlessness (V., 4). But Pylades soon interrupts his bitter reflections. The men of Epirus, recognizing Andromache for their queen, are determined to avenge Pyrrhus, and Orestes has just time to join the retreating Greeks; but, on hearing that Hermione has killed herself on the body of Pyrrhus, his mind is clouded, the Furies seize on him, and he is borne away by the faithful Pylades. All who gave way to passion have perished in body or in mind; Andromache alone remains, because she alone has not been passion's fool.

It will have been obvious to any classical student that the acts, and in some degree the motives, of the personages in Racine's drama are not those that are or could be attributed to the persons bearing like names in Homer, Euripides, Vergil, Ovid, Pausanias, or Seneca. To them Andromache did, indeed, save Astyanax from the flames of Troy, but only to see him perish at the hands of Ulysses or Menelaus, or, as Seneca avers, of Pyrrhus himself. These writers further state or assume that Andromache lived connubially with Pyrrhus before and after his marriage with Hermione, and that she bore to him three sons: Molossus, Piclus, and Pergamus, the first of whom takes in Euripides somewhat the place accorded here to Astyanax. On the death of Pyrrhus the Andromache of tradition married Helenus, a son of Priam, and governed with him a part of Epirus, as a sort of vassal of Pyrrhus' grandfather, Peleus.

The Hermione of classic tradition had been promised, as in "Andromaque," in her father's absence and before his return from Troy, to Orestes, her first cousin. Her father, however, preferred the son of Achilles. Here the resemblance ends. In classic tradition Pyrrhus took Hermione to Epirus as his bride; here she is escorted there by Greeks, with the understanding that he will espouse her, and thus she has more reason for jealous irritation with Pyrrhus for his delay than the married Hermione could have. Given the character of Orestes, such a situation as that of tradition or of Racine could end only by a tragedy; but, though the ancients tell discordant tales, none of them agrees with Racine. Some make her passionately attached to Orestes, and so willing to connive at his murder of Pyrrhus; others make her motive jealousy of her captive rival Andromache; others make Orestes kill Pyrrhus without her connivance. But, whether she gave herself to the murderer of her husband out of love or pique, the pair went to Sparta, and seem to have reigned there long and happily. Thus not merely the circumstance that Orestes has Pyrrhus killed by his followers at Delphi in the temple, instead of in Epirus, with a slightly different motive,

separates Racine from the older writers, but the result of the murder on Orestes and on Hermione herself is wholly different.

It must be admitted that the changes made by Racine in the received tradition were justifiable from an artistic point of view and demanded from a moral one; but if he separated himself thus radically from tradition in his action, did he not separate himself still more radically from historic probability in the sentiments that he attributes to his characters? Would any Greek king of the heroic age, much less the king most notorious for his cruel fury, have been capable of such romantic feelings and wavering affections? Pyrrhus' conception of love is not the conception of the heroic age at all, but, as has been cleverly shown by Taine, that of the précieux of Paris and the courtiers of Versailles, with a certain decorum in its outward expression, with happily turned phrases, insinuating attenuations, masking with a certain courtliness the fundamental brutality of his absolute power. One can imagine Louis XIV. endeavoring, with the claws hidden in velvet paws, to compel some reluctant love; but we can not conceive it of the son of Achilles, that "fierce, hairy-chested savage who would like to eat the heart and raw flesh of Hector, . . . who kills in a heap men and horses on the pyre of Patroclus, and shakes, roaring and weeping, his bloody arms in the face of heaven."

And much the same may be said of all the other characters. This Orestes is surely not the murderer of Clytemnestra, this Andromache was never a Greek slave, and this Hermione is what under freer conditions the ladies would have become of whom Bussy-Rabutin tells and those whose vengeance he felt; not the Greek woman of Euripides, who dutifully advises Orestes to "ask papa" (*Andr.* 987), after he shall have disposed of her present proprietor. This is even more strikingly shown in the case of Pylades, who, from having been a friend and companion, has become for Racine a dependent, without individual will or even conscience, whose merit is "not to be a man, but an echo."

But, when we have said all this, Racine will answer that historical reality is absolutely indifferent to him; that, here and always, he has subordinated situation to character and the individual to the general. The scene is in no definite country; the action, in no particular century. They are simply far off, in order that they may the better seem universal backgrounds for the display of the feelings of a universal social life, somewhat modified by the larger place in it of the sentiment of love that had come through the general acceptance of Christianity. As Brunetière has well observed: "Racine sought in history only the means to make such feelings tragic or unique. All mothers have trembled for their sons, but only one was in the position of Andromache. History knows but one Hermione, but all duchesses or all laundry-girls have felt like her the tortures of jealousy." Thus the less there is in "Andromaque" of special history the more there is of universal truth; for it is as classic as it can be, if it is to be as modern and contemporary as it ought to be, to remain a joy to successive generations.

This idea of the modernity of Racine has been expressed by many, but by none, I think, more happily than by Heine, who says: "This great poet presents himself already as the herald of modern times, beside the great king with whom modern times begin. Racine is the first modern poet, just as Louis XIV. was the first modern king. In Racine the sentiments, the poetry, of the Middle Ages are completely extinct. He awakens only new ideas; he is the organ of a new society. . . . Who knows how many noble acts will spring from the tender verses of Racine? . . . Is Euripides a greater poet than Racine? I do not know; but I do know that this latter was a living source of enthusiasm, that he inflamed courage by the fire of love, that he inspired, charmed, ennobled a whole people. What more would you ask of a poet?" Corneille's heroes are of another race; Racine's seem always our brothers, more so because they walk in the Epirus of his fancy than if they had lived in the palace of Versailles.



Andromache, the character on whose decision the fate of all the others depends, was to the ancients the type of the loving wife and young mother. Here she is divided between two feelings equally natural, noble, and justifiable: fidelity to the memory of Hector and the instinct for the preservation of their offspring—a situation of which Racine found a suggestion in Seneca, though none of the ancients had conceived the character so nobly as he, since it would have been possible for none of them to have given her any choice as to the nature of her relation to her captor. Racine, by sacrificing local color, gains in dignity much more than he loses in pathos. His Andromache is sure of universal sympathetic admiration. She is an imperishable type of womanly purity and dignity, of patience, and of moral courage. Gracious, simple, and true; no wonder she won the love and tamed the fierceness of Pyrrhus! no wonder that she aroused Hermione's jealous rage! She is one of the noblest tributes to womanhood and motherhood in the literature of the world.

Hermione, on the other hand, is a woman born to command. Her passion has been fed on hope until it has absorbed all else in her soul and redoubled the keenness of her intellect; for as her jealousy rises to madness so her perspicacity becomes a terrifying clairvoyance. She came to Epirus obedient to her father, but when she saw Pyrrhus she loved him with a frank passion of desire that found but a lukewarm response in Pyrrhus, who had arranged the matter with Agamemnon for motives of state, and was attracted rather to his captive, Andromache. Hermione's reception at Epirus develops her love quickly into a jealous fury, and she conceives the pitiless scheme of procuring the destruction of Astyanax with the consent of Pyrrhus, in order thus at once to wound Andromache to the heart and to estrange her forever from her captor. Nothing is sacred to Hermione that stands in the way of her love any more than it seems to have been to many French noblewomen of Racine's day. Not even her own offended dignity and wounded pride can induce her to transfer her affection to Orestes or to leave Epirus. If she

can not crush her rival by fair means, she will stoop to pervert the pure love of Orestes and to lure him by feigned smiles to be the tool of her revenge, promising anything to attain *one* thing, and stooping in a moment of fancied triumph to wanton cruelty and base taunting sarcasm. Thus she sacrifices the sympathy that the spectator must feel for the victim of a breach of promise; but in giving this moral satisfaction she gives also one of the finest exhibitions in literature of the destructive effect of passion on character, so that, when the delusion of her triumph vanishes and she is forced to despair of regaining the love of Pyrrhus, it seems natural to us that her hatred and revenge should fall like lightning on her beloved, only to make her doubly desperate after once the bolt is hurled, and to leave her, when the storm has cleared the air, no escape from passion's hell but suicide on the corpse of the still-cherished victim of her love. Thus Racine shows us the terror of all-absorbing passion and purifies by tragic fear.

The traditional fierceness and stormy cruelty of the character of Pyrrhus were, as we have seen, intentionally softened by Racine; yet we know that many in his day were still unable to view with patience a "hero" who sought to compel a woman to marriage. To these Racine replied with ironical vexation: "I admit that he is not sufficiently resigned to the will of his lady-love and that Céladon (the lover in Urfé's 'Astrée') understood perfect love better than he, but what was to be done? Pyrrhus had not read our novels. He had a violent nature, and all heroes are not made to be Céladons." But, for all this, Racine's Pyrrhus is at once less interesting and less intelligible than Homer's, because he combines the acts of a barbarian with the sentimental motives of the Hôtel Rambouillet and the manners of a courtly gentleman. Love rules his will, but both love and will are shifting, selfish, ignoble. Yet, perhaps, Racine might have urged that some such nature as this was necessary to the development of the tragic catastrophe.

Orestes had always been a more sympathetic figure, and

he remains so here, though only occasional allusions remind us of the touching creation of Æschylus and Sophocles. By making Hermione the neglected betrothed, not the wife, of Pyrrhus; by making Orestes anxious to win, rather than to recover, her affection—Racine has saved him from a part of the moral condemnation that attaches to the Orestes of Euripides. His brooding melancholy gives us a foreboding of the fruitlessness of his sacrifices, and thus arouses our tragic pity; for under these conditions his love seems a palliation, if not an excuse. As ambassador he owes a duty to the state, to execute which will give his beloved to his rival. But this duty is cruelty, and his magnanimous mind elects to subordinate his will to hers and to win a bride in saving Astyanax. Having thus first deviated from duty, he is led ever farther astray in pursuit of the elusive rewards of his unrighteousness, until he becomes a horror in his own eyes, a victim of the Furies he has himself evoked.

At the elbow of each of these chief characters is a confidant. Pyrrhus has his aged tutor, a shrewd statesman; Orestes, his traditional friend; and the ladies, the customary attendants. This convention is essential in a drama, which, like the other literature of the time, is essentially oratorical and aristocratic. These characters have only one purpose in life: to set the wit or the mind of their superiors in relief, to manage transitions of thought, and suggest new outlets for passion, to fetch news and to carry it. The good courtier suppresses his individuality, and these confidants keep themselves severely in the background, that nothing may mar the steady march of the single action.

Racine is a psychologic realist who undertakes to display extreme passion in action, immoral acts drawing down their inevitable punishment. He pushes to its utmost verge the evolution of passion. He shows us what our passions would make us if, like these Greeks and Romans and Orientals, we were unrestrained by laws and social conventions. He deals, that is, with what he conceives to be the universal tendencies

of human nature, and he does so from the point of view of Port-Royal, fatalism modified by the grace of God. "One can not conquer one's destiny" is his constantly recurring thought, and here Pyrrhus tells us how, "one drawn by the other, we run to the altar to swear, in spite of ourselves, an immortal love" (1309, 1310).

That such victims of passion may neither forfeit our sympathy nor outrage our sense of divine justice, they must have, as Racine says in the preface to "*Andromaque*," "a virtue capable of weakness, that they may incur misfortune by some fault that shall make them pitied without making them detested." So, though duty plays of necessity but a small part in Racine's tragedies, struggle against destiny and remorse at moral defeat play a great one. Even Phèdre, according to Racine, "shows clearly that her crime is rather a chastisement from the gods than a result of her will; and of Pyrrhus, Orestes, and Hermione we may say, with Brunetière, that, though they may be "as ready as the heroes of Corneille to all violences and all crimes, since that is the essence of tragedy, they disguise from themselves the criminal nature of their acts and the violence in their feelings. They do not *will* their crimes; they have not arranged them long before. Hermione does not *will* the death of Pyrrhus nor Pyrrhus that of Astyanax." Those threats of blood in which Corneille delighted are veiled, as it were, from the speaker himself in words indirect, yet clear, of which the close of the first act of "*Andromaque*" affords an excellent example.

Racine is careful to follow the counsel of Boileau. With him always "passion, often combatted by remorse, seems a weakness, and not a virtue." But to this pupil of Port-Royal even weakness demands expiation and punishment, and gradually between "*Andromaque*" and "*Phèdre*" there entered into Racine's ethics an element of fatality that tended to make them at once less Christian and less broadly human. From this point of view "*Andromaque*," with "*Esther*" and "*Athalie*," is least questionable, but our approval or con-

demnation of the ethics of Racine will depend always on our judgment of the ethics of Pascal and of Port-Royal.

Perhaps no dramatist ever worked with such conscientious art as Racine. All was planned before a line was written. He told a friend that he abandoned a subject that he had long meditated because "it did not contain material for a fifth act." All his dramas impress us as finished works, in which every speech, exit, entrance, has been weighed, where nothing can be spared and nothing need be added to complete the author's thought and round out the harmony of the whole. He is rigidly logical. There is in "Andromaque," says Brunetière, "a simplicity of means, an exactitude and precision, that have never been surpassed. . . . There is incomparable depth and penetration of psychic analysis. . . . If ever there was progress in the history of a genre, progress visible and tangible, assuredly it is from Corneille to Racine, or from 'Rodogune' to 'Andromaque.'" "Nothing in our modern literature is nearer perfection than a drama of Racine."

The three "unities" are observed strictly. The place is a hall in the palace of Pyrrhus, where, with the slight conventionality of place claimed by Corneille, all may reasonably be supposed to pass within a single day, while within the acts the scenes are linked without a break. Voltaire thought that the unity of action was affected by a division of interest between Andromache and Hermione; but this is unjust, for all depends on and is subordinated with relentless logic to the issue of the tragic conflict in Andromache's heart, and all works together by direct illustration and contrast to the central aim of the work: the glorification of purified wifely and motherly love.

Thus "Andromaque" is an ideal classic realistic tragedy, and it justifies that ideal. Yet it was criticized both on æsthetic and on moral grounds. Of the latter we have spoken. The technical faults found in it were, first, that the action "lacked substance," that it was excessively simple and sub-



ordinated to the characters; secondly, that Racine had altered history; and thirdly, that he had degraded the dignity of tragedy by writing simply. The last two points will seem to us merits rather than defects in a dramatic poet. They belonged to the general effort of the school of 1660 to put in their work a maximum of universal nature and truth, and they were naturally criticized by the admirers of Corneille. To the first point, however, Racine's answer must be what lawyers call confession and avoidance. He does make action exceedingly simple; in "*Bérénice*" he boasts that he has "made something out of nothing," and he does subordinate it to the characters, and that with intention, because the one thing permanent and universal in history is human character. If tragedy is to be for all time and all men, it must be psychologic, not historic. The less the spectator is distracted by striking events and episodes, the more effective the psychic catastrophe, the more readily it will be realized as applicable to himself by the spectator or reader. Racine, therefore, would claim that this "fault" also was a virtue.

Hence it is that nature and the influences of nature play so small a part in the intellectual life of Racine's characters, as they played but a minor part in the moral life of Port-Royal, or, indeed, of the age of Louis XIV. Racine "introduced a sort of aristocracy in art. He took of things only what was noble and essential—from the universe, man and not nature; from society, the great not the little; from the human individual, the soul not the body; from the soul, its substance not its phenomena."

In Racine's tragedy men dominate events. They are what they make themselves. But tragedy demands that passion dominate will; and, since his age accepted more readily the dominance of passion in women than in men, his great characters are nearly all women, and they have a certain family resemblance. The maidens Iphigénie, Eryphile, Monime, Junie—all resemble Hermione as sisters, like yet different; while against the more experienced victims of passion Atha-

lie, Roxane, Bérénice, Phèdre, Andromaque, stand out in unique dignity. These women appeal to us with far more tragic intensity than Joad or Hippolytus, Bajazet or Mithridates, Orestes, or Pyrrhus. And thus, as Lanson gallantly observes, "from Racine dates the empire of woman in literature," at least in France.

It was said that Racine did not invent tragic combinations, as did Corneille; and that is true. Far from adding to tradition, he simplified it. He sought no novel situations, but endeavored to draw from natural ones their full import, which was poetic invention of a higher kind; and in this the rules so aided him that, as we see from his comments on the poetics of Aristotle, they seemed to him dictated quite as much by reason as by authority.

Such dramatic technic need pay little heed to stage-setting or costumes. His dramas "could be acted without great impropriety in a parlor in street dress or at court in a spectacular setting," for they are of any place and any time, except here and now. There is in "Andromaque" just enough local color to preserve the illusion of Greece that educated Frenchmen had drawn from Plutarch, but no knowledge of the personages is assumed, and acquaintance with classic tradition might, perhaps, be as often a hindrance as a help to the spectator;<sup>1</sup> and as he assumes no knowledge of his subject at the outset, so he draws his catastrophe wholly from the inner necessity of the drama, from the characters as he has conceived them, working out by inexorable law that majestic sadness that is both the source of our pleasure in Racine's art and the foundation of the religious philosophy of Port-Royal.

But put these passions in minds incapable of forcing them to a tragic intensity, substitute a dénouement for a catastrophe, and we have Molière's comedy of character; for, as critics showed long ago, it is the nature of the personages, not the conduct of the action, that separates "l'Avare" and "le

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<sup>1</sup>This point is interestingly developed in Lemaitre, "Impressions du théâtre." (I., 78, *seq.*)

Dépit amoureux" from "Mithridate" and "Bajazet;" "Andromaque" from "des Fausses confidences" of Marivaux.<sup>1</sup>

The diction of "Andromaque," as of all the succeeding work of Racine, is more easy and simple than that of Corneille, while it is less lyric than that of "Esther" and "Athalie." Racine was the first in France to see that the most forcible expression of intense emotion is not gained by pompous or sententious declamation, but by severe simplicity or ironical restraint. It is instructive to contrast the declamation of Camille in Corneille's "Horace" (IV., 5) with the naked lightning that reveals the abysses of Hermione's heart.<sup>2</sup> Racine is bold in his use of language, but his boldness is almost always restrained by good taste and by an almost unerring instinct of art, though occasionally he abuses ellipsis and strains a metaphor. He excludes rigidly from his diction all that is not good current usage of his time. He adds nothing to an already restricted vocabulary. He shares the taste of the précieux for latinisms,<sup>3</sup> but he avoids the archaic. He shrinks from colloquialisms, but not from the *mot propre*. A dog is a dog to him, and a spade a spade. He had sufficient sense of humor to see that the *style noble* verged on comic pomposity. His art was that of harmonious or startling combinations, of poetically sustained metaphors and exact connotation in his selection of terms. His noblest characters are most restrained in their use of rhetorical ornament. The rôle of Andromache is almost wholly admirable; and yet no man frees himself entirely from the mannerisms of his time. There is quite a nosegay of euphuisms to be gathered from the speeches of Orestes and Pyrrhus, phrases that would have pleased the ear of Madeleine de Scudéry and the coterie of the précieux. In general, we may say of Racine's epithets that they are psychological rather than picturesque—that is,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. especially Faguet, XVII. siècle, 170-173.

<sup>2</sup> "Andromaque," lines 1544-1553. Other like passages occur at lines 476 and 1162-1167. Lines 1319-1334 are known in literature as *le couplet d'ironie*.

<sup>3</sup> E. g., *admirer* for *s'étonner*, *commettre* for *confier*, and the like.

they try to tell us how a thing appeals to the soul rather than how it strikes the eye.<sup>1</sup>

Perhaps the gravest fault that can be found with the diction of Racine is what a French critic, M. Paul Stapfer, has wittily called its fourth unity, that of tone, that makes Céphise and Cléone speak in the language of Andromache and Hermione. This unity was not realistic, it was not Greek, it was not even Corneillian in its entirety, but rather an innovation of Racine's resulting from the disdain that an idealist naturally feels for the external differences of manner, dress, behavior, or gesture that mark differences of birth, education, disposition, and temperament. "All the characters of Racine," says M. Stapfer, "have the same nobility and the same eloquence, because their sole function is to translate the eternally identical language of reason and passion." But in the hands of less talented successors this "unity" soon sank to a mannerism against which the romantic dramatists of 1830 and their precursors first protested with earnestness and success, but with the risk of falling into the opposite and baser extreme of pinchbeck naturalism and dialectic vulgarity.

B. W. WELLS.

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<sup>1</sup>One notes the constant recurrence of such adjectives as *aimable, charmant, divin, étonnant, admirable, touchant, terrible, épouvantable*.

## RECENT CLASSICAL STUDIES IN GERMANY.

It is impossible, even in dealing specifically with classical studies of a more recent date, not to go farther back than the title implies and view in a somewhat cursory manner the causes that led up to the present methods of work. It would also be the basest ingratitude, in a study of this kind, although it aims to deal with methods rather than with men, to pass by unnoticed these great pioneers in this field of labor who have been, as it were, the stepping-stones by which the German classical scholars of the present time have been able to cross the gulf that separates unscientific from scientific methods in classical philology.

The first student and professor of classical philology (this term is here used in the wide sense that prevails among the Germans rather than in the limited sense customary among the Americans), important to our purpose, was Friedrich August Wolf (1759-1824), who from his chair in the University of Halle sent forth his famous "Prolegomena in Homerum," an epoch-making work which produced a startling effect upon the classical world at that time. The doctrine of non-Homeric authorship, advocated by Wolf, was not original with him, for it had been advanced by Casaubon, Vico, Bentley, Perrault, and others, but Wolf was the first to adduce arguments sufficiently strong to make a deep impression upon the scholarly public. Through this work he prepared the way for scientific and methodical study. His influence was deep and lasting not only upon his pupils, but also upon others who did not come within the sphere of his personal magnetism, and especially upon Gottfried Hermann, who established a new school of philology under Wolfian influence.

Wolf's greatest follower, however, was Philip August Boeckh, who came early under the master's influence, and



was thus led to devote himself to classical literature. Boeckh filled the chair of rhetoric and ancient literature in the University of Berlin for forty years with the most unprecedented success. He regarded philology as an organically constituted whole, and in his lectures included grammar (both formal and historical), exegesis, archæology proper, and also the study of ancient literature, history, politics, religion, and society. His idea was that the study of the classics, to prove fruitful, must reproduce antiquity from every point of view, and, while his ideas were at first strongly opposed, it can not be denied that the successful prevalence of his work gave a decided impetus to profound and accurate scholarship.

Contemporary with these men, famous in the broad domain of classical philology, Franz Bopp, born at Mayence in 1791, was working in the narrower field—namely, comparative philology, of which department, considered as a science, he may be regarded as the founder. Bopp was a specialist in the oriental languages, notably Sanskrit, and filled the chair of oriental languages and the science of language in the University of Berlin. He was not the first to note the similarity of Sanskrit with Greek and Latin, for this view, which seemed preposterous to most scholars, had been held by Filippo Sassetti as early as 1588. The same coincidences had been noted by P  re C  ourdoux in 1767, and by Sir William Jones in 1786, who went so far as even to claim a common origin for Persian, Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Gothic, and Celtic, while Friedrich von Schlegel developed this idea in still greater detail. Bopp was, however, the first to put the doctrine on a firm scientific basis, for, while his predecessors had noted mostly the similarity in individual words, Bopp turned his attention to the entire grammatical structure of these languages and proved their substantial identity. Although great advances have been made since Bopp's time, the understructure of comparative philology is, in the main, what he made it, and without his work students of language would now be groping in the dark, as they were doing before his time.

In the department of history, which belongs to philology

in its broad sense, we must mention Barthold Georg Niebuhr, of Copenhagen, who treated his subject in so new and brilliant a manner and with such deep learning that he completely revolutionized the methods of historical study. Giving himself up to the study of early Roman history, he applied to his subject the laws of evidence and critical research, and so demonstrated beyond a doubt that the commonly accepted narrative of the early history of Rome was mythical and legendary. His work, therefore, is epoch-making, in that he clearly differentiated mythical narrative from history proper, and his critical methods are usually accepted as sound.

Having now briefly shown the origin of modern methodical study in classical philology both in its broad and narrow sense, and having briefly touched upon the great men who formulated these methods and gave impetus to their continuance, I shall confine myself mainly to the work done since the sixties. In silently passing by the great scholars who were active during the anterior period, no disrespect to their memory is intended, for, without their work the results which are now so much enjoyed could not possibly have been realized, but the limits of the subject prevent a complete detail of its history, even within later years.

In passing, however, to the more recent study of classical philology, several scholars, whose works have marked an advance in the scholarly world, come so prominently before the mind as to demand a brief mention. Such men are Reisig, at whose feet the great Ritschl sat and drank in much that was destined to make his name famous in the world of letters; Lobeck, with his scholarly and accurate contributions to Greek grammar and mythology; Bergk, whose greatest work is his three-volume edition of the Greek lyric poets, and who is also known through his first volume of a history of Greek literature; Ahrens, favorably known for his valuable works on the Greek dialects; Jahn, the distinguished archæologist, whose versatile genius was prolific in many departments of classical writing; Lachmann, whose influence Professor Nettleship says has been more widely and deeply felt than that of any single German classical scholar

of this century, and who is best known through his accurate and enduring "*Agrimensores Romani*" as well as his "*Betrachtungen über die Ilias*." In this latter work Lachmann attempted to show that the "*Iliad*" is composed of sixteen independent lays, afterward altered and enlarged. Lachmann was also the first to carry out Bentley's plan of restoring the ancient readings in the eastern manuscripts of the New Testament, using the Latin and West Greek authorities as evidence, wherever a diversity of readings appeared in the old Eastern manuscripts. We must mention further Döderlein, famous for his works on Latin synonyms, word-building, and etymologies, as well as for his "*Homeric Glossary*;" Kirchhoff, who was the first to give serious attention to the critical dissection of the "*Odyssey*" and became the originator of the theory of organic development from an original nucleus, which theory is now quite generally applied to the "*Iliad*" also; and a host of others, whose work in their several fields has proved of great importance to their fellow workers in classical philology.

A brief pause must be made at the name of Ritschl, whose *magnum opus*, an edition of Plautus (Bonn, 1848-1853), continued in the triumvirate edition of Loewe, Goetz, and Schoel, produced a profound impression upon the world at large as well as upon his own countrymen. This edition was greatly enhanced in value by a rich critical apparatus and by elaborate prolegomena upon the Plautine meters. The work of Ritschl, however, that is of most importance here, is that devoted to the Latin inscriptions. In this work his genius was turned in an entirely different direction from that of his previous literary studies, his attention being devoted to the study of epigraphy for the purpose of illustrating the history of the Latin language in its entirety. So successful was he that there is no doubt that he has thrown more light upon the successive stages of its development than has any other single scholar.

Just here it may not be out of place to give a practical illustration of the advances, made in classical study by a comparison of the inscriptions known at the time of Boeckh with

those now accessible to students. Boeckh's "*Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*" contained not quite one thousand inscriptions, while the number now known exceeds thirty thousand; in Latin, besides six thousand or seven thousand Etruscan inscriptions, upward of seventy thousand are known to the scholarly world. Classical study has been materially advanced by the systematic work spent in deciphering and classifying these inscriptions. Their value can hardly be overestimated, for the information obtained from epigraphic remains is much more reliable than that afforded by literature with its frequently fluctuating and artificial language.

Side by side with the great attention now given to the study of epigraphy may be mentioned the excavations made at Troy, Mycenæ, Tiryns, Orchomenus, Olympia, Samothrace, Athens, Pergamus, Etruscan Necropolis, the Roman Forum, and at many other places. These excavations have brought to light many splendid works of art, which have proved of inestimable value in the internal study of classical literature, and especially of dramatic literature, as the late work of Dr. Dörpfeld on the Greek theater shows. Classical studies have also been advanced by the discovery of fragments of Alkman, Sappho, Euripides, Aristotle, Herondas, Menander, Bacchylides, and other authors.

When one enters upon the study of more recent classical work such a mass of material confronts one that it is almost impossible to tell where to begin, so that in attempting to bring this material into orderly arrangement one must make ample apologies to all who prefer a different collocation.

Since Wolf, in his famous "*Prolegomena in Homerum*," first raised the question of a non-reading public for the Homeric poems, much careful attention has been given to the history of the alphabet. This study has naturally received much aid from the great advances made in epigraphic study. Much light has also been thrown upon the history of the alphabet by the discovery in 1868 of the Moabite stone, which contains the oldest forms of the Phenician alphabet, whence the classical peoples received their characters. This careful study of the alphabet has developed the great probability that

writing was known to the Greek people of the Homeric age, though many scholars still regard the *σήματα λυγρά* of the "Iliad" (VI., 168), as *εἰδωλα*, mere symbolic signs. It is, however, positively stated that lists of the Olympian victors were kept from 776 B.C. on, and inscriptions of the seventh century B.C. have actually been found.

The deeper and more critical study of the alphabet naturally aroused a corresponding activity in the study of pronunciation, which produced in Greek the works of Zacher and Blass and in Latin the works of Corssen and Seelman. What has been done most recently in this department may be best gathered by a glance at the last edition of the second volume of Iwan Müller's "*Handbücher der Altertumswissenschaft*," in which the Greek and Latin grammars by Brugmann and Schmalz fairly bristle with phonetics, not to mention Gustav Meyer's "*Griechische Grammatik*," in which some three hundred pages are devoted to "*Lautlehre*," nor the first volume of Brugmann's "*Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages*," which is entirely devoted to phonology, including a few pages on accent, both general and special.

In the study and collation of manuscripts and the issuing of critical texts, it is not too much to say that the Germans have placed the rest of the classical world under the very deepest obligations. The great publishing houses are constantly putting forth new editions of classical authors, not only in small handy volumes for the ordinary student, but also in large volumes, with complete notes for textual criticisms, so that an independent scholar may choose his own reading, wherever a divergence exists. New editions of annotated texts also are constantly issuing from the press; and such editions usually contain introductions (historical and critical), lives, annotations embracing all the departments of classical philology, as well as an "*Anhang*," in which critical and textual problems are discussed and in which much valuable material for the special student is often found. Monographs, programs, inaugural dissertations, etc., meet one on every side, and the development of peri-



odical literature has been so rapid and extensive that many scholars consider it an absolute necessity to await the latest sheet from Germany before venturing to launch their own lonely bark upon the philological ocean. In reading the "Bibliotheca Philologica Classica" one is almost overwhelmed by the new literature presented, bearing, as it does, not only upon every department of classical philology, but also upon individual authors and upon specially selected parts of an author. Every issue of the important periodicals is teeming with conjectures, sometimes brilliant and useful, often suggestive and sometimes absurdly impossible, and, although few meet with the felicitous fortune of being incorporated into the text, their very appearance forces scholars to realize how much they are indebted to German labor and painstaking.

In the department of etymology also great results have been obtained. Down to 1876 etymologists were substantially at one touching their views upon Indo-European phonetics. Since that time, however, phonological study has advanced very rapidly, and some very important changes have been proposed and are now quite generally accepted among German philologists. It is impossible to discuss here these changes, but the reader will find a lucid exposition of the Greek Ablaut by Dr. Bloomfield, in the *American Journal of Philology* for September, 1880, and for December, 1881. The views of the old school have found their strongest adherent in the scholarly Dr. Georg Curtius, whose "Grundzüge der Griechischen Etymologie" is one of the most useful and valuable works ever contributed to linguistic study. Dr. Curtius's "Zur Kritik der neuesten Sprachforschung," published in 1885, in which he criticizes the views of the new school, under the four separate heads of "Laws of Sound," "Principles of Analogy," "Phonology," and "Analysis of Original Forms" will ever remain a memorable document in the history of classical philology. It is not within the province of this article to speak in detail of this criticism, nor of the answer by Delbrück, Brugmann, and the others, who are the most prominent representatives

of the new school. This part of the subject can not, however, be closed without calling attention to the monumental work of Dr. Brugmann in three volumes: "*Grundriss der vergleichenden Grammatik der indo-germanischen Sprachen*," to which English students have access through the translation of Messrs. Wright, Conway, and Rouse. This work has become almost indispensable to every classical scholar who is vitally interested in his work.

The advance made in the study of forms has kept pace with the work done in other departments of classical philology. The study of phonetics has cleared away many so-called exceptions, most of which are now shown to be the result of clearly defined phonetic laws working in the earliest times, while many apparent exceptions to these phonetic laws have arisen in individual dialects after the laws had become inactive. Etymology has also played an important part in advancing the study of forms, in that false etymologies sometimes gave rise to false mutation of sounds. Other forces have also been at work in developing form-study, such as the possibility of two forms arising from the same word under different conditions, the prevalence of views touching form-analogy, form-association, the discovery of new inscriptions, the better condition of orthography, etc., In Latin forms, the critical study has progressed so rapidly that a new edition of Neue's "*Formenlehre der Lateinischen Sprache*," a perfect storehouse of information, has been called for and is now in process of issuance.

In syntax, both historical and comparative, much successful work has been done. Periodicals have been established for the special study of syntactical matters, and the classical authors have been subjected to the closest scrutiny for the purpose of elucidating any peculiarities of usage. For a long time the comparative study of languages had been limited to the sounds and forms, which so steadily occupied the attention of scholars that they hardly had time to think of aught else. The first philologist to apply the new comparative method of linguistic study to syntax was Jacob Grimm, whose work was, however, confined to the

German language. It remains, therefore, the everlasting service of Ludwig Lange that he strenuously insisted that the new historical-genetic method should be applied to the syntax of the classical languages also. His monograph, "Andeutungen über Ziel und Methode der Syntaktischen Forschung," which was read before the Philological Society at Göttingen in 1852, was received with enthusiastic recognition and has now obtained historical importance in that through it the attention of many scholars was soon to be turned to the comparative study of syntax, so that it is to the influence of this monograph that the present results in this field of labor are due. The ethical side of syntax has also received much attention, and the student of the classics now realizes that authors have often chosen certain constructions for ethical reasons, and that the varieties that meet him in his daily reading are not always merely fortuitous, but are often psychological or ethical in their effect. Historical and comparative syntax are beneficial in that now many constructions have been traced to their origin, so that the student is able to view such constructions at every stage of their development in which traces remain; and his knowledge being thus fuller and more exact, his appreciation must also be deeper. It can not be denied that one gets a deeper insight into an author's meaning when one understands not only the force of individual words, but also the peculiar import of certain syntactical constructions, which understanding is still more necessary for the thorough comprehension of any piece of prose or poetry as a whole, for without this the setting and vitality are lost. It is a pleasure to feel, for instance, that when Pindar in the first Olympian (l. 46) wrote οὐδὲ ματρὶ πολλὰ μαιόμενοι φῶτες ἄγαγον, he recognized that the dative was more tender than πρὸς μάτερᾱ or that when Xenophon ("Anabasis," I., 10, 16) wrote ἰθαύμαζον ὅτι οὐδαμοῦ Κῦρος φαίνοιτο οὐδ' ἄλλος ἀπ' αὐτοῦ σῶδεις παρείη he was conscious of a distinct difference between ἀπό and παρά, which he might just as well have used, had he not wished to convey to his reader's mind a much wider circle than the more personal παρά admits. It is also a pleasure to feel the subtle part played by

the many little particles that occur on a single page of Greek, the careful distinction in the use of tenses, voices, etc., and to watch the stylistic effect of the participle when employed by skilful hands. This side of syntax has been more fully brought out in the periodicals and annotated editions than in the formal grammars,<sup>1</sup> but no German has thrown so much light upon the striking effects of syntactical usage as has Dr. Gildersleeve, of the Johns Hopkins University.

In rhetoric pure and simple perhaps not so much has been done by the Germans as in the other fields of classical study, but even here the best editions of the ancient writers on Greek and Latin rhetoric have been issued through German labor and painstaking. A great many monographs, programs, etc., have appeared dealing with rhetorical figures and language-use in special authors, and considerable attention is also devoted to this part of classical work in the numerous annotated editions that are constantly appearing. Oratory, which may be regarded as a division of rhetoric, has been fully and exhaustively treated in Blass's "*Attische Beredsamkeit*," but perhaps the best and most complete exposition of the whole subject is "*Die Rhetorik der Griechen und Römer*," by Dr. Richard Volkmann.

In meter, too, great activity has been shown, and to German scholars is due the fact that order has been brought out of chaos, especially in the varied and intricate meters of the Pindaric odes and in the choral lyrics of the drama. Here are found not only ponderous tomes dealing with "Rhythmic and Metric" in general, but also special works dealing with "epic meters," "lyric meters," "dramatic meters," etc., while individual verses, such as the iambic and Saturnian, have received a large share of fruitful discussion.

The rapid advance made in the several departments of classical philology—such as the critical study of texts, the reforms in orthography, the deciphering of epigraphic remains, the new interpretation of passages, the closer study of syntax, etc.—have all contributed to render lexico-

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<sup>1</sup> See Gildersleeve's "*Pindar*" *ad loc.*

graphical work on modern lines absolutely necessary. Scholars now demand that a lexicon should be complete, but usable; that it should not contain every occurrence of a word, which is the peculiar province of a concordance, but that a sufficient number of examples should be cited to exhibit the complete history of each word; that the roots and root-meanings should be given, together with the literal, figurative, and derived meanings, in chronological order, as well as any vagaries of meaning in special authors; that *ἅπαξ λεγόμενα* and peculiar forms, as well as the forms regularly found, should be tabulated; that the quantity of all long vowels, with the peculiar usages in each author, should be marked and the doubtful quantities noted; that all technical terms of grammar, rhetoric, etc., should be included; that syntactical usages, general and special, usual and peculiar, should be developed in historical order, and that each word should have a list of the most important synonyms, with a careful distinction in use, meaning, etc. For the purpose of giving such a lexicon to the world special studies are being constantly made; works on synonyms, etymologies, barbarisms, foreign words, as well as indexes and special lexicons, are regularly being issued from the press, and much lexicographical work is being done in the periodicals. How such a lexicon should be made is a matter for discussion. Some scholars favor present methods; while others, though recognizing the difficulties in the way, advocate an etymological order, with a complete alphabetical index of all words. How the preliminary work for a great lexicon is being done may be gathered from Dr. Rolfe's article in the *Bookman* for November, 1897.

Music and geography, philosophy and life, mythology and religion, history and politics, and, in fact, every possible department of classical philology in its broadest sense, including higher criticism, especially of the Homeric poems, have found willing and unselfish workers among the Germans, who have done so much for the advancement of classical research in the department of study just reviewed. It must not be imagined that all the laborers in the several depart-



ments have been mentioned. To have done this would have been impossible in a rapid sketch of this character. I have necessarily dwelt only on those scholars whose works seemed to me important for developing the subject and for showing that philology is a science worthy to take its place beside those physical sciences so greatly lauded in the practical world. It will doubtless be thought by some that I have made "mute, inglorious Miltons" of many famous scholars, but to all who may differ with me I can only say, in conclusion, with the old Greek poet:

σοὶ μὲν ταῦτα δοκοῦντ' ἔστω, ἐμοὶ δὲ τάδε.

CHARLES W. BAIN.

## A NOTABLE BOOK ON SEMITIC LITERATURE.

IN this handy little volume of only one hundred and forty-eight pages Mr. Joseph Jacobs has produced a real prize for Semitists, comparative religionists, and Old Testament scholars. The book opens with an introduction of twelve pages, in which the author summarizes brief critical thoughts on the essays which follow, as such may be suggested by new discoveries and corrected opinions. This is the only part that is strictly new (the body of the book being composed of reprints from specialist journals), and it contains a number of illustrative and accessory remarks of exceptional interest not only because they have been so recently penned, but because they come from one of the best scientific students of ancient literature and thought in England.

It is interesting to note how an eminent scholar, who differed largely, at least in detail, from Professor W. R. Smith, eulogizes that great master of philological and archæological science, now, alas! no more. He says:

It is especially from the point of view advocated in these pages that his loss causes so great a gap. . . . Lately, in his "Burnett Lectures," he struck out a line which connected Biblical archæology with the English method of research in anthropology. . . . His death has left us the method as a legacy, but I fear we must wait long before the rightful heir to his work and his method can claim inheritance. (Page xi.)

Mr. Jacobs himself is above all an archæologist—the originator, in fact, of some of the most important features of the science in its modern guise—but he is much more than this. He is an eminent philologist, historian, folklorist, and comparative religionist; and therefore his criticisms of various new books, as contained in this introduction, are most timely. We note his appreciation of two important ventures: first, the Clarendon Press "Hebrew Lexicon" (Brown and Driver), of which, while he admits that it "promises to bring He-

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<sup>1</sup>*Studies in Biblical Archaeology.* By Joseph Jacobs. New York: Macmillan & Co.

brew lexicography up to the level of modern philological requirements, yet," he continues, "even with its excessive and Teutonic condensation of material, it still falls short of a true 'Thesaurus;' it is still a 'Handwörterbuch.'" Secondly, he has not much of praise for Professor Haupt's new critical edition of the Old Testament (is this due in a measure to a slight *odium philologicum*?), although he concedes that it will be a contribution toward settling the text. He rightly faults Professor Siegfried's "Job," the first volume issued, because it does not contain the *variorum conspectus* of the *variae lectiones* from versions and commentators. Mr. Jacobs has felt the tidal wave of Septuagint revival just now passing over the scholarly world, a movement no doubt augmented by the recent letters of Sir Henry Howorth in *The Academy*, and he appreciates the real value of Professor Swete's *magnum opus*, the Cambridge critical text of the Septuagint. At the same time he affirms the Herculean character of the recovery of the *Ur—LXX.*—and one imagines that this affirmation is emphasized by a study of the method so magnificently outlined by Paul de Lagarde, which, could it be accomplished, would place the *LXX.*, as compared with the Massora, on the exact footing which Sir Henry Howorth claims for it *now*, but which it certainly does not hold.

Like most Semites, who are at the same time Semitists, Mr. Jacobs has little sympathy with what he calls the "slicing" of the Hexateuch. He argues that the literary side of Hexateuchal study has been carried to its extremest limit, and that, so far as it is concerned, many questions are hopelessly left in the lurch. In this deplorable case he advocates, with what the present reviewer must regard as justifiable insistence, the hitherto neglected witness of institutional archæology. This terminology is a comparatively new one, fathered by Mr. Jacobs himself, and we shall let him explain it in his own words:

Professor Sanday did me the honor to refer to my appeal to institutional archæology as pointing to a decisive criterion of the higher criticism. Professor Cheyne . . . retorts that the higher criticism has always used

archæology, and that I am an amateur. Professor Cheyne has failed to observe the distinction between what I should call physical archæology, the study of the material remains of man on the earth; and institutional archæology, the study of the survivals of his social organization. The higher criticism may have used the scanty remains of Semitic civilization. Till Fenton and Robertson Smith it has not used the comparative study of early institutions, on which subject, so far as I am aware, it is Professor Cheyne who is the amateur.

This brings us to one of the three important notes of the book, which comprise its main contribution to the literature of its subject.

As stated, Mr. Jacobs is before all else an archæologist, and his ceaseless iteration of the significance of archæological evidence for the scientific solution of the problems of Hebrew religion is notable and opportune. We can not help feeling that there lies under our hands a large mass of data which Old Testament scholars have most injudiciously neglected. We say Old Testament scholars because they of all students of ancient religious thought have sinned most stupidly in this respect. Comparative religion—that precocious child of recent birth—which we now perceive is destined to throw such unsuspected light on the historical study of the religious sentiment, is largely founded on just this very branch of human learning—certainly, at least, the anthropological as distinguished from the philological aspect of it. And why Old Testament specialists should have hesitated so long to avail themselves of material of the very same degree of value for their particular field which comparative religionists are using daily for theirs seems to us who are able to criticize our fathers from the vantage-ground of the year of grace 1898 heedlessly rash and wasteful.

But in furtherance of the good estate of Old Testament criticism, one notices several encouraging signs. Cheyne, and even Sanday, are doing much to repair needless “lapses of evidence” from archæology; and of course Professor Sayce, who deprecates extreme literary criticism as much as Mr. Jacobs, has done an efficient piece of work (“*The Higher Criticism and the Monuments*,” London, 1893) to counteract what we are all beginning to see was a one-sided enthu-

siasm, and to start things on a more logically proportioned course. In the opinion of the present writer the method of Old Testament research in the future is bound to be that which alone is scientific—viz., the method which is the basis of comparative religion: *comparison*. Broad-minded students of religion and its monuments will see here nothing to deplore, but will rejoice rather at the discovery of a valuable ancillary body of material too long ignored and only but recently accepted at its true value by those who have most need of its prolific contributions.

As illustrating the character of these contributions one may point to this volume as a whole, but in particular to the following essays, detailed analysis of which we can not lay before our readers. First, "Junior Right in Genesis" (*Archæological Review*, July, 1888), in which the author explains the insertion of some of the least edifying stories in the book by the existence of the institution known to the common law as "borough English" (the opposite of primogeniture), which probably obtained in the social organization of the early Hebrews, and by which the succession went to the youngest son. Now in later times, when the old folk-genealogies and narratives were being incorporated and combined into the Hexateuch, editorial or redactorial ingenuity interpolated these stories to explain why, contrary to the universal custom of the editor's age, the succession went to the youngest. The application of data interpreting these tales by the "ultimogeniture" of institutional archæology is certainly a felicitous and clever process; and even if one considers it at times fanciful, one sees how rich this material is, in general, and how obviously appropriate its employment in many obscure reaches of the Hebrew religious documents. We may direct what Mr. Jacobs says of Professor Smith to himself: he gives us a method, clearly the *right* method of studying many a classical *crux interpretum*, which, by the old system, was destined perennially to flaunt its riddle.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>As a further illustration of this "method," cf. Professor Ryle's suggestive little book, the "Early Narratives of Genesis." Macmillan, 1892.



The second essay to which we attach particular significance is: "Are There Totem Clans in the Old Testament?" This is a fresh and luminous examination of a subject which, since first opened by the progress of anthropological research in recent years, has attracted the attention of Semitists and comparative religionists. Mr. Jacobs takes as his text Professor W. R. Smith's well-known article in the *Journal of Philology* (Vol. IX, 1880), "Animal-Worship and Animal Tribes among the Ancient Arabs and in the Old Testament." The conclusions reached in this paper, and in his "Religion of the Semites" by the Cambridge Arabist, are familiar now to all students. Space forbids that we do more than summarize the results of Mr. Jacobs' fresh examination of them, which we are glad to be able to do in his own words:

1. If anthropology teaches that the totem arrangement is a necessary development, there are sufficient indications of such arrangement in the names of the Edomite clans. (Gen. xxxvi.)

2. There are sufficient "survivals" of totemism in the names of the Israelite clans, their forbidden food, personal names, tattooing, family feasts, and blood-avengers to render it likely that they once had a totem organization like the other *B'nê Abraham*.

3. But there are no signs of the actual existence of totemism in historic times among the Hebrews, such as Professor Smith contends for in the cases of David and the crucial passage, Ez. viii. 11.

He appends a list of persons bearing animal and plant names, which he thinks "practically exhausts the subject," in which he expands Professor Smith's list of thirty to one hundred and sixty. This list alone is a most valuable tabulation, containing the latest etymological researches of prominent Hebraists, valuable not only for Old Testament specialists, but for folklorists and anthropologists.<sup>1</sup>

The third and last essay to which we refer as especially noteworthy along these lines is called "Recent Research in Comparative Religion." (*Folk-Lore*, September, 1890.) It is a review of four "epoch-making" books, as the Germans say, in this field, which had just then been published, but the article is as seasonable now as when writ-

<sup>1</sup> In all this compare Mr. Gray's new book, "Studies in Hebrew Proper Names." (Black.)

ten, particularly as the material which Professor Smith prepared before his death has just seen the light in the new edition of his book. The works reviewed are: "The Religion of the Semites," W. R. Smith; "The Golden Bough: A Study in Comparative Religion, J. G. Frazer; "The Prehistoric Antiquities of the Aryan People, O. Schrader; "The Origin of the Aryans," Isaac Taylor." When we say that some of the criticisms are inadequate and at times almost trivial, we must still urge that the reading of the four books should certainly be followed by a careful study of this paper. The essay is intensely interesting, and it is disappointing that we have not space to give a synopsis. But the opening paragraph offers an idea of the treatment:

The first two books on our list are a veritable triumph for folk-lore, and especially for that conception of the science which has been consistently advocated by the Folk-Lore Society. Here we have two books dealing with the primitive religion of the two great groups of nations from which civilization has obtained its chief spiritual material, and both avowedly appeal to folk-lore for methods of investigation and for corroborative criteria. Both use freely the analogy of savage custom and ritual to explain those of Semites and Aryans. Both apply with confidence the method of "survivals" in order to reconstruct the primitive systems from which the survivals derive. The two books deal with the deepest problems of human thought, and neither disdains, in seeking their solution, the light that may be obtained from folk-tales, superstitions, and even games, those seemingly trivial remnants of older ways of thinking which folk-lore collects or investigates. (Pages 29, 30.)

Of the remaining papers we must speak with great brevity. The fifth, "The Nethinim" (*Babylonian and Oriental Record*, February and March, 1888), is an ingenious attempt to explain the origin of the degraded beings whose names are given in Ezra ii. and Nehemiah vii. In a word, Mr. Jacobs thinks they were the descendants of the sacred prostitutes attached to the temple before the exile. This result is based largely on the fact that the names as given in the Massoretic text are almost without exception those of women, or at least feminine in form, and therefore "we state with a considerable degree of confidence that the Nethinim could only trace their ancestry up to women." (Page 114.) That these women were prostitutes is inferred

from the same reason that we infer promiscuity in the primitive stages of human society—viz., because of the institution called the “matriarchate,” which owed its existence, in the pugnacious solution of Mr. McLennan, to the truth that maternity was a fact; paternity, a theory. Professor Ryle, in his “Ezra and Nehemiah” (“Cambridge Bible for Schools”), combats Mr. Jacobs’ conclusion very lamely, as it seems to us—*e. g.*, he dismisses the evidence from the feminine form of the words by the statement: “The peculiar termination of the names derives a natural explanation from their foreign extraction,” which is a simple *petitio principii*, and entirely fails to meet Mr. Jacobs’ contention.

The last two papers, “The Indian Origin of Proverbs xxx.” and “The Revised Old Testament” (*Athenæum*, May 15 and 22, 1885), are rather “thin.” The first is an antiquated use of the “double-column dodge,” happily so called by Mr. S. R. Crockett (*Academy*, November 24, 1894), which has but little place in work of this kind. This stricture must not be taken, however, as inveighing against the legitimate study of the transmission of folk-tales, apologies, fables, etc.—*e. g.*, Bidpai, Kalilah-w-Dimnah, variants of Solomon’s judgment, and the like. And the second is evidently, and almost admittedly, a hastily prepared criticism (p. 147), the very opening words of which (“The revision of the Old Testament is a literary success, but it has no pretensions to scholarly completeness. . . . The literary merits of the Authorized Version have been retained, and, on the whole, enhanced”) have been again and again disproved by the careful examinations of the work by eminent scholars. (*Vide* volumes of the *Expositor* for 1885–87.) We think Mr. Jacobs seriously underrates the improvement of the Revised Version over the Authorized Version in the matter of scholarship and the general accuracy of translation. For ourselves, we recommend the two versions as the best of their kind in two distinct spheres: the Authorized Version for devotional and literary purposes, and the Revised Version for student and lecture use.

Summing up this important little book, there are three things in it of note: first, the stress laid on the illustrative resources of institutional archæology; second, the importance and significance of the study of comparative religion and of religion; third, the hesitating, almost shrinking attitude assumed toward the further literary criticism of the documents of the Hexateuch. We think Mr. Jacobs' animadversions on this last, which sometimes approach ridicule, both unscholarly and unjustified, but the positions taken in general will be interesting not only to Semitists and higher critics, but to the larger body of practical students of theological thought and to the parochial clergy.

WILLIS HATFIELD HAZARD.

## THE LIFE OF TENNYSON.<sup>1</sup>

ON the principle that a man's life may be estimated through his work, those who are familiar with the poetry of Lord Tennyson might have concluded that a monograph of fifty pages would have been biography enough for the poet. Consequently the voluminous memoir of more than a thousand pages compiled by his son must have aroused misgivings in the minds of some people. Surely, they might have said, there must have been united in Tennyson a gentle, lyrical Dr. Jeckyl and a hitherto undiscovered Mr. Hyde to make the man who wrote that poetry require this memoir. But when we search diligently through the somewhat chaotic pages for confirmation of this theory, we are both disappointed and relieved, for the volumes do not conflict at all with the testimony of the poetry. Of a truth this is a disappointing world. Just as we began to feel a sure foundation for belief in the disappearance of the old eulogistic biography there crops out in a most unexpected quarter one which, in some respects at least, leads all the rest. It has been said that the present Lord Tennyson wrote the memoir to prevent anybody else from doing so. If this be true, the work is a great success; for, from a materialistic point of view, there is certainly no chance for another biographer. Lord Tennyson has undoubtedly worked in all the incidents; and if the letters selected with the aid of Professor Sidgwick and the late Professor Palgrave are the best of the forty thousand, the discriminating public would hardly have appreciated the publication of the remaining thirty-nine thousand and odd hundreds.

But, of course, the memoir deserves more serious consideration. In spite of its faults of style, of manner, of method,

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<sup>1</sup>*Alfred, Lord Tennyson. A memoir by his son. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1897.*



it is, in a certain way, a very valuable contribution to literature. The student of Tennyson will find it a storehouse of materials, somewhat inharmoniously arranged and interspersed with a large amount of valueless matter. The volumes should have been labeled "Tennysonianana," with the sub-title "A Cyclopædia of Information about Lord Tennyson, His Life and Times, His Family, and His Work." It certainly should not be called a biography, though in the abrupt beginning of his preface the present Lord Tennyson implies that it is one. A biography should present the man. He should grow before the reader, as it were. When we finally close the book, it should be with a certain sense of intimacy with a personality whose life has been lived over for us. But in the memoir by his son Lord Tennyson's personality has, to quote an expression from Milton, found in one of the forty thousand letters, been so "diffused," whether "carelessly" or not, as to give us more than twelve basketfuls of fragments, but no adequate conception of the whole. One reads the preface of such a book as this with an interest based on the desire of learning the writer's point of approach. From it we expect to derive some insight into the methods and aims of what follows. But it is only after having read the biography itself that we can appreciate the preface in this instance. When we realize the disjointedness of the work we begin to understand the disjointed remarks the author makes in his own behalf. But it is in the preface, after all, that we get the clue to what makes the memoir valuable, for it contains as great a proportion of quotations from the poet as the book itself contains of letters and extracts of verse. The fact that these quotations, letters, unpublished poems, extracts from diaries, etc., are not put together in a very workmanlike way does not detract from their intrinsic value, and the memoir is a perfect mine of this sort of wealth. From the chronological list of the publications at the beginning to the index at the end, both of which are well executed, one who would study the art of the poet finds on nearly every page ample material. It is unfortunate that

this should be so interwoven with trivialities as to make it difficult of access. It is unfortunate, too, that it has been so arranged as to interfere with a true conception of the man Tennyson himself.

The quotations come early in the book, but no earlier than poesy seems to have come to Tennyson. At twelve he was writing a criticism of "Samson Agonistes" in the form of a letter to his aunt, and "an epic of six thousand lines à la Walter Scott." At fourteen he wrote, "in perfect meter," a drama in blank verse. Indeed, his boyhood is swallowed up in poetry, so far as the memoir goes, since of the thirty-two pages devoted to his life before he entered Trinity College (Cambridge) nine consist entirely of "Unpublished Poems of Boyhood," and by far the greater part of the rest deals with early poetic attempts, thus leaving little room for information about the child and the lad. In like manner the description of the three years spent at Cambridge is too hazy. The account of them is not human enough. What little mention of the man as distinguished from the poet is found in the pages devoted to this period is of the purely laudatory kind. But this is probably due, in part, to the destruction of Tennyson's letters to Arthur Hallam, by the latter's father. A casual reader might think that Tennyson is *posed* on all occasions. He seems to do nothing but write poetry and look handsome. At least, this is the testimony of his friends, which is all the testimony given us. The only characteristic indicated is an intense shyness. Then came the Pyrenean expedition, which illustrates a feature of the book that is simply exasperating. We are told unexpectedly and as abruptly as the preface begins that "during the summer" the poet started off for the Pyrenees with money for the insurgents in Spain. A letter from Charles Tennyson to John Frere implies that he got there, though it does not say so. It does say that he is abroad, however, and we leave him there while we read an account of the insurrection itself, after which we again find Tennyson at home, and are given ten more pages of unpublished poems. This sort of thing

pursues us all through the book. Just as we think we are about to know the man himself we have a lot of his poetry thrust at us. When we reach the fourth chapter the man has reached his majority, and henceforward is lost in the poet. He descends from Parnassus long enough to become engaged to a young lady, who makes her appearance as unexpectedly as the Pyrenean expedition, and who is destined to wait for him for more than ten years. During this time she seems to drop out of his life until the publication of "In Memoriam," in 1850, makes it pecuniarily possible for them to be married. This disappearance is, of course, due to the fact that Lord Tennyson destroyed his private letters of the period. For a time, as husband and father, he is depicted in a more human light—that is, the letters seem to do it—but this does not last, and as for Mrs. Tennyson, she very soon becomes merely another Tennyson, to receive more letters about the poet and the poet's work.

Since the book from this point degenerates more and more into a collection of letters and extracts, it is clear that we must give up considering it as a biography, and judge of it from its value as a crude mass of information to those who would make a study of the art of Tennyson. Viewed in this light, there are two important grounds for adverse criticism: first, in his selection of material in the shape of letters and extracts, the present Lord Tennyson has not been altogether judicious; and, secondly, he has not made the best use of his selections. He has lost consistency in quantity and sacrificed method to an obvious desire to "get in" certain letters, which seem to owe their importance more to the fact that they were written by or to certain important people than to any bearing they have on the poet or his art. It is undoubtedly of interest to know that Emerson liked this poem, John Ruskin that one, and that the Crown Princess of Prussia thought the "Idyls of the King" "really sublime;" but it was surely unnecessary to print the letters in which these people so expressed themselves, from address to superscription. This accounts, in a large measure, for the bulky nature of the mem-

oir. In like manner the reader frequently gets bewildered in a maze of extracts from diaries, which, for the most part, far from being of value or interest, seem utterly pointless. Mingled with the letters and extracts such as these are others which make some readers, at least, fairly gnash their teeth, for they allude to incidents of the poet's life which the biographer allows to remain mere allusions. There are, of course, many letters which afford much insight into the poet's modes of thought and work and even glimpses of his character, but it requires the threshing out of much straw to obtain them. Our author's method of putting his material together may be gathered from the following citations, taken entirely at random from the first volume:

1863.

In January my father wrote to Frederick Locker, sending at the same time a volume of his poems for his daughter Eleanor.

(Here follows the letter in full.)

On March 6th my father sent off his "*Welcome to Alexandra.*" *He would like to have seen* [sic] the pageant. . . .

After the arrival of the Princess of Wales in England, Lady Augusta Bruce wrote.

(Long letter from Lady Augusta about the "*Welcome.*")

In May the Queen asked my father what she could do for him.

Thus it goes on for page after page, but one has to read all, for fear of overlooking something of importance.

The appendix at the end of the first volume—consisting of reminiscences of the poet, his friends, and his work, by Aubrey De Vere and others—is by no means to be overlooked in summing up the merits of the volume.

The second volume is a sort of Tennyson year-book or calendar. It begins with 1864, the year of "*Enoch Arden*;" and if we had omitted to read the first volume, imagining that it had given us satisfactorily the growth of the poet and the development of his genius, it would doubtless prove a satisfactory conclusion.

The first chapter has for a motto an extract from a letter to Mrs. Tennyson, which recounts how Spedding said

"Enoch Arden" was the finest story he had ever heard, and better adapted for Alfred than for any other poet. With the usual abruptness and lack of sequence the chapter begins with the bold statement: "My father was always an enthusiast for Italian freedom." Then follows a long extract from Mrs. Tennyson's journal describing how Garibaldi planted a tree given to the poet by the Duchess of Sutherland. Garibaldi then kissed all the boys and departed, and "my father wrote to the Duke of Argyll." This chapter is, however, one of the best in the entire work, for it contains some very valuable notes by the poet on his methods of work, with copious illustrations of the meaning of different lines, all of which is of great interest. Possibly because we have learned what to expect, the second volume makes altogether a better impression than the first. The Queen's letters, some of the poet's criticisms on books, together with recollections by Jowett and Palgrave, are placed at the end.

To sum up the whole matter, it may be said that the world is indebted to the present Lord Tennyson for a great collection of materials, but that he who learns anything of the great poet's life and work from the memoir must do so through his own efforts brought to bear upon this material, and that the biographer's handling of his matter has not been such as to minimize these efforts. He has aimed rather at the decorative than the useful in the selection of his letters, and he has relied too much on his extracts telling their own story. This makes the work defective in homogeneity.

There are many things in the life of such a man as the late poet laureate that one would like to know, things that might add strength and meaning to the lessons taught by his poetry, and bring them home more fully to the minds and hearts of men. These are the things that should concern his biographer. They are worth more to the reader than many thousands of letters from other people, however distinguished. Having lived all his life with the poet, the present Lord Tennyson is just the person who might have made him live for us. That he has not done so seems due more to the desire



expressed in his preface of effacing himself than to anything else. This has led him to make his own comments and remarks too brief and curt. His method all the way through has been to make a simple statement and then rely on letters or extracts to substantiate it. In this way he has failed to produce that concrete image of the personality of his father which a biography should have given. It is as if a number of artists had collaborated in the details of an immense picture, but had failed to put their separate contributions into one coherent composition. At least, one of the reasons of his having done this has already been hinted at. It lies in the too evident desire to surround the poet with an atmosphere of familiarity with various personages. That this is a mistaken idea is beyond discussion. The poet laureate needs no gilded frame for his picture. If the princes, the poets, the great men of his time, had failed to appreciate him, the loss would have been theirs, not his. The effort to let other people tell his story accounts, too, for the numberless trivialties with which the volumes abound.

But whatever shortcomings the volumes given us may have, they will take their place, and no mean place, in the literary history of England. Future generations of students will feel a debt of gratitude to their author for having put together so much that is of value, and in the mean time no one can fail to admire the simple yet dignified way in which he has endeavored to discharge with all reverence what was to him a filial duty. Of the poet himself it must be said that he has in no wise suffered at the hands of his biographer, although he has not gained all that one could have hoped. Every impression that we have received of him from the memoir, whether it be of the man or the poet, is, indeed, one of truth and trustfulness, of high purpose, of sympathy.

W. H. McKELLAR.

## REVIEWS.

### GATES'S SELECTIONS FROM MATTHEW ARNOLD'S PROSE.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PROSE WRITINGS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Lewis E. Gates, Assistant Professor of English, Harvard University. New York: Henry Holt & Company, 1897. 12mo, pp. xci, 348.

Professor Gates has been well known for some time to teachers of English through his excellent volume of selections from Newman. His latest contribution to Holt's series of "English Readings" will be sure, therefore, of the cordial reception always given to the successive publications of an author of whom one expects work of a first-rate kind. Mr. Gates is endowed with a subtly critical mind, he is evidently widely read, and he writes with ease and charm. Hence his introduction is excellent, and his notes, so far as we have examined them, are accurate and satisfactory. We know of no better way for a busy man or a hard-pressed student to obtain an adequate notion of Arnold's rank as a critic than for him to buy and master this book. It will also prove of considerable service to those who know their Arnold even fairly well, and it ought to stimulate beginners in literary studies to undertake further work upon the great critic.

Mr. Gates's introduction is divided into eight sections, dealing with Arnold's manner, his criticism of life, his theory of culture, his ethical bias, his literary criticism, his appreciation of the spiritual qualities of literature, his style, and his relations with his times. One finds little to fault anywhere and much to commend. Especially suggestive is the way Mr. Gates shows that Arnold's famous phrase describing poetry as a "criticism of life" is adequate to the purpose he had in view, provided the reader will always remember how inclusive a term "criticism" is with Arnold. This justification has been made before by Arnold's admirers, but nowhere, we think, in such a full and satisfactory way. Equally to be

praised is Mr. Gates's catholic and mild manner of laying at Arnold's door the easily sustained charge that he neglected too much the more formal sides of criticism and that he sacrificed æsthetics to what we may perhaps denominate, for want of a better term, "missionary criticism." This absence of the note of assertiveness from all that Mr. Gates writes is an excellent sign of his thorough absorption of those critical principles of Arnold's, that are the most difficult of the many he applied and recommended, for the strenuous British or American mind to understand and make use of. Indeed, Mr. Gates has proved himself such an apt disciple that the few faults we find in his book may be attributed not unjustly to Arnold's influence. He does not himself lay sufficient stress on the value to the student of knowing something of the life of the writer studied and of the authors who have influenced him. The introduction might have been shortened in places, or else space should have been taken in order that an entire section of biography might have been added, a page of chief dates not being sufficient for a text-book so comprehensive. In this biographical sketch many points illustrative of phases of Arnold's work, such as his remarkable love of nature as evidenced in his letters, his rather helpless envisagement of present political crises, etc., might have been brought to the notice of the student. We miss, too, an adequate account of the masters that formed Arnold's mind. Mr. Gates is probably right in stressing the influence of Goethe, but he surely is not sufficiently explicit with regard to Sainte-Beuve or, perhaps, Heine; nor is the brief note on Senancour at all commensurate with the profound influence exercised upon Arnold by the "Obermann" of that little-known Frenchman. A knowledge of the acute essay on "Obermann and Matthew Arnold" contributed to this REVIEW some years since by our valued fellow worker, Rev. William Norman Guthrie, and since republished in his "Modern Poet-Prophets," would perhaps have helped Mr. Gates on more than one point, and the paper would have been found worthy of a place in his rather scant "bibliography." We feel, further, that Mr.

Gates would have done well to stress more than he has done the relation borne by Arnold the critic to Arnold the poet; but even an introduction of eighty pages does not give a man room to say everything in, and we have a suspicion that we are becoming hypercritical. Mr. Gates as an editor is so much of a gift-horse that we hesitate to look him in the mouth, while Mr. Gates as a critic doubtless has teeth.

W. P. T.

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A MONUMENTAL HISTORY OF LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

HISTOIRE DE LA LANGUE ET DE LA LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE, DES ORIGINES À 1900. Publiée sous la direction de L. Petit de Julleville. Tomes i-iv, des Origines à 1660.

Though the vast undertaking of the associated scholars and critics of France, under the accomplished leadership of Professor Petit de Julleville, is but half completed, this is perhaps a more fitting time to notice it in these pages than when the eight royal octavo volumes shall be before us; for already it is clear from the four that have been published that the work will be as unique in its execution as it was in its inception. It is therefore to do a real service to those among us who care for the literature of France to call their attention now to this work, to indicate to them briefly what manner of work it is, and what those who read it may expect to find there.

Like all French criticism, this is a book to be read, not a book of reference. It is bulky; but, so far as the literary portion is concerned, it is never heavy. Each subject is given to a specialist, and treated with monographic fulness. So in the first volume Professor Brunot speaks at length on the origin of the French language, and pursues his comments in the second volume to the close of the fourteenth century, giving to the subject one hundred and eighty-eight large pages, or the matter of an ordinary volume, while the changes during the century of renaissance receive even more detailed treatment in two hundred and eighteen pages from the same

hand, after which he is able to treat in one hundred pages the reforms of Malherbe and Vaugelas. Here, for the present, this detailed study of the evolution of the French language ends, but it is safe to say that the subject as a whole has never been approached in such a truly literary spirit, while the apparatus of the philologist is relegated to bibliographical appendices.

This part of the work will be to most readers the least interesting, but it has its just place in such a history as this, for we can not know a trade unless we know its tools, and language is the tool of literature, and often conditions the product; for, though it may be, as we say, "a poor workman who complains of his tools," yet the great literary workman will fashion a tool to his purpose rather than use an ill-tempered or ill-fashioned one; and from his treatment of the language we can get sometimes valuable insight into his literary genius.

Mediæval literature up to the renaissance occupies the first and second volumes. Here, as Professor Gaston Paris says in his preface, this period is for the first time regarded as worthy of detailed treatment in a general history of literature. Narrative religious poetry is discussed by the editor; the national epics, by Gautier; the classical epic, by Constans; the courtly epic, by Clédat; and the lyric poetry, by Jeanroy. Then, in the second volume, the animal fables and their development into the political and social satire of Renard the Fox is discussed by Sudre, and the curious story of the Fabliaux is told by Bedier, after which the two parts of that most characteristic mediæval epic, the "*Roman de la Rose*," are discussed by Langlois in a way that can not fail to interest students of mediæval religious and social life and scholastic philosophy, as well as those of language and literature. The didactic writing is then laconically disposed of by Piaget, who also deals in merciful brevity with the homilists and translators of this period, and is followed by Langlois' account of the chroniclers from Villehardouin to Commynes, perhaps the most readable of the authors of this period. Froissart, at least, is an author that the world will not willingly let die,



and the salt of Joinville has by no means lost its savor, even after six hundred years. The editor has reserved for himself the poets of this period, chief among them Villon, the dramatists, and the beginnings of the novel at the hands of Antoine de la Salle; which last is treated, perhaps, with more brevity than the intrinsic interest of the "Cent nouvelles" and "Petit Jean de Saintré" might warrant. The stage of this period is, however, admirably described and illustrated by several curious colored plates, for this work is illustrated throughout, in the best sense of that word, with facsimiles of manuscripts, portraits, and illuminations that add both to the interest and to the knowledge of the reader.

The third volume treats first the renaissance in general in a chapter not wholly satisfactory, after which Marty-Laveaux deals sympathetically with Rabelais and his fellow *raconteurs*, though those who wish to be educated to the full savor of the Curé of Meudon will still do well to seek their introduction to him through the genial volume of Paul Stapfer. Marot is discussed at some length by Bourciez; and Ronsard, with his *Pléiade*, is treated by Pellissier with as much sympathy as he was probably capable of feeling, though those of us who are Ronsardists will no doubt wish that the editor had made another choice in this case. The poetry after Ronsard has been committed to Morillot, better known for his admirable work on French fiction; and the stage is committed to Rigal, who seems here to be following Faguet with the unequal steps of a little Iulus. Our attention is then called to the theologians and preachers by the editor and M. Rebeliau; while Montaigne and the moralists have fallen to Bonnefon, who also has written a very entertaining chapter on the writers in medicine and the arts, with some facts in regard to the famous surgeon, Ambroise Paré, that have much romantic interest. An account by Cozals of the memoirs, histories, and political studies and pamphlets, with a chapter by Dejob on the scholars and translators, completes the volume.

No period of the history of French literature is more full of the germs of change than the first sixty years of the seven-

teenth century, and the collaborators in the fourth volume have proved worthy of their period. The poets are discussed by the editor; Bourciez takes the *précieuses*, whose importance is often gravely underestimated; the foundation of the academy and its significance falls to the editor; and the drama, which, for sociological reasons that it is impossible to suggest here, was sure to be the highest mode of the literary expression of this age, is divided between Rigal, Lemaitre, and Reynier. Morillot shows himself, as always, at home in the evolution of fiction, Bourgeois has treated memoirs and history, and the philosophers are shared between Gazier, Hannequin, and Thamin.

Every man has dealt with his specialty, every author has received the careful criticism of a specialist. Yet the book is not an aggregation of essays. It is more than any one man could have attained in a lifetime of study, but it has been in the power of the editor to coordinate the work of his helpers, so that not only is there no repetition, but there is harmony and proportion throughout. We have here what the French seem to know so much better how to give than their neighbors of England or Germany: a book that is at once a storehouse of facts and a pleasure to the reader.

B. W. W.

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MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS' NEW STORIES.

OUTLINES IN LOCAL COLOR. By Brander Matthews. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1898. 12mo, pp. 240.

Mr. Brander Matthews' latest volume of short stories seems to me not only to be the best work he has yet done in fiction, but also to be something he and his many friends may well be proud of. It is in New York, of course, the city that he knows and loves, that the scenes of his twelve stories are laid; but he has never before, in my judgment, caught so well the atmosphere of the metropolis, never before reproduced so faithfully its infinite discords and harmonies, never before so unerringly described the physiognomies and movements

and hidden springs of action of the men and women that inhabit it. And yet the "Vignettes of Manhattan" and "His Father's Son" seemed to me, when I read them, to be excellent books and to represent very well what could be made of New York life by a conscientious writer using Mr. Matthews' restrained, artistic methods in black and white. I was simply mistaken, that was all—a fact of experience in matters critical to which I grow more accustomed as the years go by. I had underrated both the artistic method and Mr. Matthews' capacity for growth; I had belonged to that portion of his friends that prefers his work in criticism to his work in fiction; but this last volume of stories has induced me to pack up my critical baggage and betake myself to the other camp, where I propose hereafter to do as good service as I can against the enemy—to wit, the philistine public. This is not to say, of course, that I shall not steal back when I may to my old camp and fire a shot or two in defense of his criticism; but I shall not tarry long, for he can himself direct the manning of the breaches in this quarter of the field, and would, I should think, prefer to have new volunteers where the fighting is likely to be thickest. For fear, however, lest the reader may infer from the military figure I am cutting—no, using; for one doesn't cut rhetorical figures, unless possibly when they are ludicrous, which I trust mine isn't—that I intend to write a story myself, instead of criticizing those of Mr. Matthews, I shall now endeavor to tell as simply and clearly as I can why I like his last book so well.

In the first place, Mr. Matthews, like Mr. Crawford and other modern novelists, is following the example set by Balzac of interweaving the characters of his stories, with the result that the reader gets a sense of moving about in a world of larger dimensions than that included in a single story or novel. Elsewhere I have tried to show how much of Balzac's transcendent success was due to this artistic device; here I must content myself with pointing out that Mr. Matthews, by using again and again certain characters like Miss Marlenspuyk, Miss Peters, and Mrs. Jimmy Suydam, is ma-

king a certain social set of the metropolis live for us in a very real and tangible way. He has but to extend the use of this device to his male characters and to the middle and lower classes in order to earn for himself the enviable title of *the* novelist of New York. This title can, I am sure, be secured by no one who does not make up his mind to follow Balzac resolutely; but such following implies no more discredit than attaches to Cooper for making use of the methods of Scott. Scott had his world; Cooper, his. Balzac had Paris and France; let Mr. Matthews determine to have New York. All America is as yet a possible province for no one, but Greater New York is large enough for even a prince of novelists.

In the second place, Mr. Matthews avoids with complete success a besetting sin of most of our novelists: the sin of perpetrating journalism instead of fiction on the public, of writing like a reporter instead of like an artist. This reportorial quality of our fiction is natural enough when we consider that an American is normally a person who, to use a familiar expression, struggles to "get there," and that a reporter is emphatically a person that both "gets there" himself and "gets others there." The novel-reading public likes to be "got there," and the reporter-novelist is ready to perform this service for them by making items and using display type. It is needless to say that the methods of the artist differ from those of the reporter *toto cælo*. The stories of an artist never strike one as having been material for copy. If he uses black and white, one is not reminded of a daily newspaper; nor, if he uses colors, of a Sunday issue. In other words, the true artist is not vulgar, no matter how low the life may be that he has to describe. He is not a cad, either, and is just the reverse of the Rupert de Ruyter of Mr. Matthews' clever sketch entitled "A Candle in the Plate," for whose portrait, it is superfluous to remark, our versatile novelist did not sit to himself. I wonder what popular writer was the unconscious poser.

Finally, Mr. Matthews shows with each succeeding vol-

ume a growing faculty of exact observation, a subtler psychology, and a deeper insight into the workings both of the tragedy and of the comedy of life. His story entitled "In the Watches of the Night" has more true tragedy in it than anything I have read lately, and it is to be noted that neither here nor elsewhere does Mr. Matthews permit himself to fall into that quagmire in which most modern writers of fiction are floundering hopelessly: the slough of the hyperpathetic. Genuine comedy, too, is well represented in such a story as "A Spring Flood on Broadway." Lovers of the mime and idyl also will find something to interest them in more than one story of this volume; and if one wants fearless realism, one has but to read "A Glimpse of the Under World." In fine, Mr. Matthews has given us in his latest collection convincing proof not only of his versatility and general power as a writer of fiction, but also of the fact that if he does not work this special vein of his genius he will fail to discharge his duty to himself and to the public.

W. P. T.

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#### A STORY OF LOVE.

Such is the title that M. Paul Mariéton has chosen for his recent book (Harvard, Paris) on the romantic affections, the struggles, tortures, and final separation of George Sand and Alfred de Musset; but his book is only one of many volumes and articles that have testified during the past year to the perennial interest of this tale of passion that has been pursued by some of our modern scavengers of literature with an earnestness that is much less sympathetic than that which it describes. Of all these various "true stories," "veritable histories," and the like, the last that has reached us seems to bear most traces of calmness; and perhaps it is not too much to hope, with M. Rocheblave, that we have here in his introduction to the letters of George Sand to Alfred de Musset and Sainte-Beuve (Lévy, Paris) what will prove "the end of



a legend"—the legend, that is, that the faithless coquetry of George Sand drove, or should have driven, Musset to those excesses that cost him his genius before they took his life.

From the documents as they lie now before us we gather, first, that of the four principal witnesses in the case George Sand and Sainte-Beuve are more consistently trustworthy than the Mussets, Alfred in later years being subject to extreme transitions of feeling, while Paul is genially described by Sainte-Beuve as "a man of wit who poisons his arrows." No satisfactory reconciliation of the statements of all parties concerned has been attempted, but the balance of evidence accords with intrinsic probability to indicate the following stages in this famous relation.

First, George Sand and Musset, after manifesting little desire to meet, find themselves drawn to one another with passionate intensity. Absorbed in their love, they make a sort of wedding journey to Fontainebleau, and then decide to go to Italy. But by the time they have reached Venice a second stage has supervened. They are endeavoring to substitute a fraternal for a connubial relation, and during this period Musset falls sick. Then comes a third phase, in which her abandoned heart yields to the assiduities of Musset's doctor, Pagello. This, being suspected by the convalescent Musset, who had been nursed back to life by her devotion, rouses in him a return of his first passion, in which gratitude and jealousy are sadly mingled; and, as he is still weak, she is obliged to hide the truth from him by false acts and words. "I deceived you," she says later. "I was there between two men, one of whom said to me, 'Come back to me, and I will repair my faults, I will love you; I shall die without you;' and the other who whispered in my ear, 'Pay heed! you are mine; there is no return. Lie; God wills it; God will absolve you.' Ah! poor woman, poor woman! it was then I should have died." Her weakness at this moment is a bitter memory for years. Long after, in her private journal, she writes: "Oh, you men do not know what it is to be adored and persecuted and implored for whole hours! That Italian! God knows his

first word drew from me a cry of horror; and why did I yield?—why? why? Do I know?"

Hardly convalescent, Musset returns from Venice to Paris. She follows him on his way with letters, and presently brings Pagello there. And here the relation passes into a fifth stage: Both feel themselves once more seized by the talons of passion. She makes haste to be rid of Pagello and to wash, if she may, the memory of her falsehood from Musset's mind and of her fault from her own.

And now comes the most difficult and the most interesting part of this relation and of these documents. Never do their letters show such intense lyric cries of passion, and yet they could not live happily together, and their two efforts to do so seem to have racked their hearts with the intensest tortures. She loved as intensely and suffered as much as he, but the effect on the genius of the two writers was very different. For the moment her affection was stimulating to the poet. Certainly she did all that she could for him. Always since those Venice days her love had had in it something fraternal, or even maternal. She had an eager instinct of devotion always, and she loved for its own sake the life she had saved. This appears interestingly in a letter to Boucoiran, written during their first estrangement:

That he will preserve his love for me, I fear and I do not fear. That is to say, his senses and character will lead him to seek distraction with others, but his heart will be faithful to me. I know it, for no one will understand him better than I and will know better how to make herself understood. . . . I do not think we shall ever become lovers again.

In this prediction she was mistaken, for how could she resist the impassioned cry of him who besought her to receive him again, that they might be "as two wounded eagles who meet in heaven and exchange a cry of pain before they part for eternity?" She yielded most unwillingly, as we know from her letters, foreseeing what "cries of pain" those would be, and that he would be the first to rend the tie he had sought to bind. And then, last scene of all, that ends this strange story, as though to chastise her weakness with tragic

fatality, she herself, abandoned, is seized with a veritable frenzy of love, and passes three months in a state of desperation bordering on insanity, while, after a final and even more bitter renewal of their relation, she seems to have grown calm from sheer exhaustion, and presently renewed the even tenor of a way that was to lead her to the position of the respectable and beloved chatelaine of Nohant; while Musset, after a glorious burst of genius in the years immediately following, sank gradually into dissipation and mental and moral decay.

But why, it may be asked, should we trouble ourselves with the loves of these two French people of a bygone day? and the answer is that from it came the most intense expression of poetic passion since the letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. The emotions of people who could write such words as these are a precious heritage to the world:

And thou, poet, fair flower, I sought to drink thy dew. I have intoxicated myself, poisoned myself, and in a day of anger I sought an antidote that has killed me. Thou wast too suave, too subtle, dear perfume, not to evaporate each time my lips breathed you in. The beautiful flowers of India and China, bending on feeble stalks and yielding to the gentlest breeze it is not from them that one gets beams to build dwelling-places. We quench our thirst in their nectar, we are absorbed in their odor, we fall asleep and we die.

When men and women write letters like this it is no indiscretion to publish the history of their love. B. W. W.

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#### THE COUNTRY OF HORACE AND VERGIL.

M. Gaston Boissier, the genial author of the "Country of Horace and Vergil" (Putnam's, New York), begins his book (of which only the English translation is accessible to me) with the following sympathetic words: "One can not read Horace without longing to be acquainted with that country house in which he was so happy." Such words immediately appeal to all lovers of Horace, of whom so much has been written and of whose works so many translations have been attempted, and give them a zest for further reading, in which they would probably not be disappointed if they should read

the original. These words are characteristic of French sensibilities, and indicate the keen appreciation that is usually found in the writings of this people touching classical subjects. The book is written in a flowing and easy style, and, though light and pleasant, gives ample evidence of scholarship.

Much more space is devoted to Vergil than to Horace, who receives only one hundred and fifteen pages out of a total of three hundred and forty-six, which is very readily accounted for by the greater territory covered by Æneas in his wanderings. In the country of Horace the Sabine house is of prime importance, while in that of the Æneid many places demand attention, such as Ostia, Lavinium, and Laurentum, as well as Sicily.

M. Boissier, for his part, has thus given us a book which will doubtless stimulate some who have long ago left their Horace and Vergil moldering on dusty shelves to take them up again and dream over old college days, when such reading should have proved their pleasantest task. It is a matter of regret that so much can not be said of the English translation, for it is always an unpleasant duty to criticize adversely; but it is, nevertheless, the duty of a reviewer to give an accurate estimate of the work under consideration, so that the public may not be misled. It is not the intention of the present writer to call attention rashly to other reviews of this book, but when a highly and justly esteemed magazine suffers a misleading review to fill its columns some notice should be taken. The reviewer alluded to can hardly be familiar with classical geography when he allows himself to write "Lavinia," the daughter of Latinus and wife of Æneas, for "Lavinium," the city named from her; and "ostium," the entrance-hall of a Roman dwelling-house, for "Ostia," the port at the mouth of the river Tiber. Moreover, while what he says concerning the contents of the book is perfectly true, that he has not read the work with sufficient care to give an accurate idea of the execution in its English dress will be seen from the following criticism.

As I stated at the beginning of this review, it is a matter of regret that the French original is not at hand, for it could then be determined how far the author and how far the translator is responsible for the numerous offensive and unsightly errors, though there are enough for which only the translator can be responsible.

To plunge *in medias res*, the first criticism to be made is that of carelessness in matters of reference. On page 29, ninth line from the top, when speaking of the house and the spring, after the words "each other," the number 3 is placed, presumably for a foot-note, but no foot-note so numbered is given. On page 32 it is said that Horace "somewhere" speaks, etc., a rather indefinite statement for the uninitiated in Horace, and hardly pardonable, when it would have been just as easy to cite "*platanusque cælebs evincet ulmos.*" (C. ii., 15, 4.) On page 56 the quotation from Horace is cited iv. 7, which should be IV., i. 7; and, moreover, "abi" is printed "ahi," which word it has been impossible for me to find. On page 30 two successive dactylic hexameter verses are quoted from Carm. I. 24, 19, which is an impossibility, for Carmen I. 24 consists of three lesser Asclepiadean verses and a Glyconic, and this collocation would be impossible for any carmen, as no carmen is written in two successive dactylic hexameters. The quotation should be Epist. I., iv. 13. On page 117 the quotation from Vergil, which should be *Æneid* ii. 307, is not cited with a reference, and in addition contains the inexcusable error, "*accipieno*," an impossibility in Latin, for "*accipiens*." Just here it may be remarked that many passages are quoted without citation, which necessarily detracts somewhat from the pleasure of reading such a book. On page 154, foot-note, "Servius," the well-known commentator on Vergil, has become "Serverus." On page 179 the Vergilian quotation is cited from the *Æneid*, but it is the familiar opening of the Fourth Eclogue. These examples, it is hoped, are sufficient to show in how slovenly a manner this part of the work has been done.

In passing to a consideration of the misprints, some of



which have been placed here out of sheer pity rather than under other headings, I may be pardoned for mentioning a slight matter of orthography. Every one has the privilege of selection, where the right to select exists, and so the translator may prefer "Virgil" to "Vergil" in English; but when it comes to Latin no one who has any pretensions to classical scholarship has the right to select "Virgilius" for "Vergilius," in view of the fact that in inscriptions the name is constantly spelled with "e." The same thing may be said of the invariable use of "j" for "i," another invention of the monks of the Middle Ages, and also of "c" for "t" in such words as "justiciam" (p. 88) for "iustitiam." It is impossible to call attention to all the misprints in this book, but it may not be amiss to give a few. On page 29, foot-note, we find "utili" for "utilis." On page 30, in the Horatian quotation, a period after "opaca" renders translation impossible, which is also true of the quotation on page 46. On page 35 "prælu-cit" is an impossible form for "præluceat." On page 36 I have been unable to verify "credas" as a variant for "dicas," and "adduction" may be French for "adductum," as it is certainly not Latin. On page 38 it would be a sin not to quote the verse entire:

Sint Mæcenates non deerent Flacce, Marones (Mart., viii., 56),

and also to quote the reading of the Teubner text—namely:

Sunt Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones.

Martial seems to have fared almost as badly as Horace and Vergil, so far as the extracts are concerned, for on the very next page (38) he is represented as having committed the blunder of spelling "Flacco" with a small f and of using the impossible form "facerat" for "fecerat." On page 56 Horace's dear old "Plancus" becomes "Planeas." On page 124 reference is made to the twentieth "chapter" of the Iliad, which would be more familiar if "book" were substituted for "chapter," almost unheard of in English. It is a pity that any Greek was admitted into this book. There are only four Greek words in the whole book, and yet in some inexplicable

manner only seven errors are made — e. g., on page 130 *Ἀρροδίτη Αἰνείας* stands for *Ἀφροδίτη Αἰνείας* and on page 326 *κνυσσῆεν* is for *κνισῆεν*. On page 151 Jupiter appears as "Indigos," instead of "Indiges," and on the same page we confront an "orational" epic. On page 174 mention is made of Vergil, Homer, "Socrates," and Plato as writers, which is an impossibility, since Socrates left no writings, and doubtless Sophokles is meant. On page 216, foot-note, "*hiemen luxu quamlonga fovere*" should be "*hiemen luxu quam longa fovere*." On page 238, in the Latin quotation, "*rerem*" should be "*rerum*;" and "*mili*," "*mihi*." On page 247 an instance of very slovenly printing may be seen in the following sentence: "The sacred isle between Porto and Ostia has become a desert, where a few wild oxen graze, and which the traveler hardly dares to cross. was then a much-frequented, etc."

On the map facing page 245 "via" is twice made of the neuter gender. In Latin it is customary for proper names and adjectives derived therefrom to begin with a capital, so that "*italici*" (p. 256) should begin with a capital I, and likewise "*sabellicus*" (p. 257) should have a capital S. On page 265 "*Laurentum*" has received an "i," and on page 264 "*Valerino*" should be "*Valerius*."

In the matter of proper names it is difficult to account for the translator's peculiarities, unless they be due to crass ignorance of classical literature. Aulus Gellius appears regularly in the French costume of "Aulu-Gelle" (foot-note, p. 45), and Dionyssius is always "Denys" (p. 129, etc.); Xanthus is "Xanthe" (p. 90), and on the same page Achilles' friend is "Petroclus." Pythagoras becomes "Pythagorus" on page 202. Acestes is improperly written "Acestus" (p. 217) with almost pardonable persistency. On page 223 "*hierodules*" is not Greek, as is asserted, but is the French representative of the Greek *ιερόδοιοι*, and "*Rutules*" (p. 338) is almost unrecognizable to one unacquainted with French.

There are very many other mistakes in this book, but want of space forbids me from extending the list farther. It would

not have been so full as it is had not some previous notices of the work been absolutely misleading. How any one with any love for Horace and Vergil and any claim to scholarship can read this book and fail to be offended by the slovenly blunders that meet one on almost every other page is more than can easily be imagined.

CHARLES W. BAIN.

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THE BIBLE IN A LITERARY GARB.

THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co.

As we turn over the pages of the handy and neatly bound volumes of the "Modern Reader's Bible," edited by Dr. Moulton, of the University of Chicago, our thoughts involuntarily revert to Matthew Arnold and to the worthy effort which he made in his day to get the English public to read and study the Bible as literature. We can not but think that he would have thoroughly enjoyed and endorsed the present work, for it is a most successful attempt to edit the Bible as literature, and is based upon the belief that the natural interest in the sacred Scriptures is considerably impaired by the form in which they are presented. The division into chapters and verses has apparently tended to destroy the literary significance of the Bible, and the failure to distinguish between prose and poetry in the King James Version has still further obscured the great charm and beauty of Hebrew literature.

Dr. Moulton's work is so arranged that each book of the Bible is published in separate form, so as to preserve its individuality, as well as to distinguish the different kinds of literature represented. For purpose of convenience, the Old Testament has been divided into three series—to wit: the "Wisdom Series," in six volumes, comprising Proverbs, Ecclesiasticus, Ecclesiastes (Wisdom of Solomon), the Book of Job, Deuteronomy, Biblical Idyls; the "History Series," in five volumes, comprising Genesis, the Exodus, the Judges, the Kings, the Chronicles; and the "Prophecy Series," in four

volumes, comprising Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel and the Minor Prophets. Each volume contains an introduction, which is confined strictly to the consideration of the book as literature, together with critical annotations at the end, to which is added a valuable reference table, which connects the arrangement of the present edition with the chapters and verses of the Bible as usually printed. The text used is that of the Revised Version, the marginal readings being generally preferred. The whole is presented in a most attractive form, and with the separate volumes of what has always been regarded as a single book piled upon one's table one can not but feel a newly awakened interest in the Scriptures. The point of view is so fresh and original that the Bible is presented in an entirely new light. We have been accustomed to think of the Bible in a religious and devotional way and have separated it so long from everything human and secular that at first this method of speaking of the Scriptures as literature gives us a shock of surprise. But upon sober reflection one finds one's self asking the question: If God vouchsafed to reveal himself to man, would He ignore the literary form in which that revelation was made? And if this is the case, can we ever hope to understand the Scriptures apart from an appreciation of their literary beauty?

Dr. Moulton, in an essay on the "Bible as Literature," shows very clearly that it is only by making the literary form a matter of study that we can ever arrive at a proper spiritual interpretation. The point which he seeks to impress upon the reading public is the undoubted fact that the Bible, whatever more it may be, is an interesting literature; that no educated man can afford to be ignorant of it any more than he can afford to be ignorant of the masterpieces of classic literature. At a time when men are notoriously ignorant of the Bible we can not but feel that Dr. Moulton's work will do a great deal to awaken interest and to restore the Scriptures to their proper place in the moral and intellectual life of the nation. We shall look forward with great interest to his volumes covering the New Testament. W. A. GUERRY.

## A NEW BOOK OF SOUTHERN VERSE.

FROM CLIFF AND SCAUR. A Collection of Verse. By Benjamin Sledd. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1897. 12mo., pp. vi, 100.

It is with genuine pleasure that one lays down the first volume of a Southern poet who has not found his inspiration in sentiment or his profit in exploiting darky traits and customs. Prof. Sledd holds by the Old South in just the right way: by linking his work with that of the recognized masters of song. He does not do this so slavishly as many of his ante-bellum forerunners were wont to do—and this is to his credit—but he is as resolute as they were to uphold and reverence genuine poetic tradition. Tennyson and, perhaps, Coleridge, or some other master of the weird, seem to be his tutelary deities, and they have taught him a regard for form that gives savor even to the least mature of his poems. He will soon, I think and trust, wean himself from their kindly influence and enter upon his own heritage, but I feel sure that he will never cease to be grateful to them.

His gratitude to Tennyson receives expression not only in the title given to his volume and in the touching "Prelude," but also in such a tender, delicate poem as "Alice," and in the sweet versification of "Lilian." The indebtedness to Coleridge, perhaps to Poe also, or else to his own temperament and environment, is evidenced by the constant way in which Mr. Sledd's imagination plays around elfish legend—as, for example, in the opening poem, "A Ballad of Otter Hill." I can not think that either the Tennysonian or the Coleridgean verses are particularly worthy of note—save for their charm of fluidity and frequently felicitous diction—since they are all marked by a certain looseness of construction as regards the evolution of their central themes and by a lack of inherent value and inevitableness in their subject-matter; but as I believe that Prof. Sledd will soon devote himself to more strenuous and tangible themes, and as his volume shows many traces of original power, I shall not dwell upon this phase of his work.

I shall mention but two qualities of his verse that seem to me to give it considerable value and promise, and shall illus-



trate them by several citations. The first is a refined pessimism that does not become unbalanced; the second is an equally refined pathos that does not become sentimental. Other qualities there are, no doubt, such as the "fluidity of movement and diction," to quote Arnold, that I praised a moment since, and the occasional play of delightful fancy or of striking imagination in some of the shorter poems. But I have not space enough to comment fully upon these matters, and I prefer to let Mr. Sledd's verses speak for themselves.

Here is a poem of delicate, haunting pessimism entitled the "Mystery of the Woods."

Vaguer it seems than a vision  
Dreame'd in an hour unknown;  
A grave with pines overshadowed,  
And strange wild life overgrown.

The first of earth's dark secrets  
By curious childhood found,  
Much did I wonder what meaning  
Lay hid in that little mound.

And once—still must I remember  
The dreary autumn day—  
All trembling with nameless terror,  
I ceased from childish play,

Saying, "Death—what is it, mother?"  
Sadly she made reply,  
Clasping her arms about me:  
"Thou'lt find out by and by."

But life's first perfect gladness,  
I never felt it more,  
Nor ever again was the sunshine  
So sweet as it was before.

For long, long years I waited,  
The answer still I wait,  
And hear but darkly murmur  
The riddling lips of fate.

When I joy in the strength of morning,  
And feel that life is good—  
Lo, right athwart my pathway  
That fateful mound in the wood.

And when I sadly question  
What way beyond may lie,  
A silent voice makes answer,  
"Thou'lt know all by and by."

More deeply pessimistic, reminding one of Poe at times, are the verses entitled "In the Valley of the Shadow," which are too long to be quoted entire, but from which I must make two extracts. Here is the opening stanza:

No life was there in that lone land;  
Or only lived the shuddering sand—  
Blind, hungry thing—  
Which round my heplless feet would cling  
And strive to clasp me fast  
In its cold arms. There was no light,  
And yet I felt that height on height  
Shut in the dead black vast.

Equally good are these lines from the third stanza:

As seamen hear,  
And, hearing, thrill with formless fear,  
The midnight waves on unknown shore;  
So, ever growing more and more,  
Deep, dolorous sounds I heard draw near,  
And knew the illimitable sea  
Which One had said the end must be.

As an example of Mr. Sledd's power to write pathetic poetry that does not degenerate into mere sentiment, I shall quote entire his touching and psychologically true poem, called the "Mother: "

Will they not leave me in peace? Yes, dear, I am coming soon.  
What need of winter's presence at rose-crowned rites of June?  
He brings her home in triumph, the sweet young life he has won;  
And I could rejoice in a daughter, had I not lost a son.  
Long since God took my others, and now I am left alone;  
For, though I am still his mother, the wife will claim her own.  
How cold to-night was his greeting! He called me simply "Mother;"  
Those old sweet names of endearment so soon he gives to another.  
Oh, for one hour of the nights when he sat by the hearth and read,  
And 'twas to his voice I listened, and not what the dull books said;  
And often I'd fall to weeping—and yet I knew not why;  
But then we older children must have our meaningless cry;  
A moment of silence and weeping, and then my tears have done.  
May I, who have wept for nothing, not weep for the loss of a son?  
But why is my loss so bitter? 'Tis what all mothers have known;  
For, though we still are mothers, we may not claim our own.

Another pathetic poem touching deep, if often struck, chords of the suffering human heart is entitled "United:"

All day it shook the land—grim battle's thunder-tread—  
 And fields at morning green, at eve are trampled red;  
 But now on the stricken scene twilight and quiet fall;  
 Only, from hill to hill, night's tremulous voices call;  
 And comes from far along, where camp-fires warning burn,  
 The dread, hushed sound which tells of morning's sad return.

Timidly nature awakens; the stars come out overhead,  
 And a flood of moonlight breaks like a voiceless prayer for the dead,  
 And steals the blessed wind, like Odin's fairest daughter,  
 In viewless ministry, over the fields of slaughter;  
 Soothing the smitten life, easing the pang of death,  
 And bearing away on high the passing warrior's breath.

Two youthful forms are lying apart from the thickest fray,  
 The one in Northern blue, the other in Southern gray.  
 Around his lifeless foeman the arms of each are pressed,  
 And the head of one is pillowed upon the other's breast;  
 As if two loving brothers, wearied with work and play,  
 Had fallen asleep together at close of the summer day.  
 Foeman were they, and brothers? Again the battle's din,  
 With its sullen, cruel answer, from far away breaks in.

Of striking short poems and single stanzas Mr. Sledd's book affords quite a number of examples, considering its tiny proportions. Here is a poem entitled "Insomnia," which closes in an admirably imaginative manner:

Would'st know the saddest of sad things?  
 It is with sleepless eyes to lie,  
 Watching the weary hours go by,  
 Till weariness impatient waits  
 Beside day's grim unopened gates,  
 For all the untried morrow brings.

Here is another, called "Dawn and the Peak," containing an image almost if not quite equally good:

High over all one huge peak stands,  
 Flinging his Titan hands  
 To grasp the vale, a glowing cup,  
 And to the morning holds it up;  
 Then, leaning its lips to the river's edge,  
 Pours to the sun earth's sacred pledge.

An exquisite "conceit," as our seventeenth century ancestors would have termed it, will be found in the touching poem entitled the "Cocoon;" but for this, as well as for the strong verses headed "Out of the Depths," I must refer my

readers to Mr. Sledd's volume. Poems such as these are worth, to my mind, a dozen such shadowy pieces as the "Little People of the Hills" or "Young Clifford's Bride," which take no hold upon the heart and have no grip on life.

Finally let me quote a strong sonnet on "Life's Triumph," with the query why Mr. Sledd does not cultivate more assiduously a noble form of verse not unsuited to his powers:

The grim old bards, in lore fantastic, say  
That only they may feast in Odin's hall  
Who fall with front to foe, as heroes fall;  
But they who conquer and survive each fray  
And only yield to lingering decay;  
Who win the fatal meed of bier and pall,  
In Hela's dim, drear realms are gathered all.  
And so, 'tis not the victor's part I pray,  
But ask that other triumph over fate,  
That I may never know life's sad decline,  
With only the last barren spoils to glean  
From fields where battle's fulness late has been,  
And darkness near on which no dawn can wait;  
To pass amid life's fray be liefer mine.

In conclusion I wish to thank Mr. Sledd for the pleasure some of his verses have given me, and to express the hope that he will not let professional cares deter him from cultivating his genuine lyrical and elegiac faculty. Narrative poetry he should either eschew or endeavor more strenuously to learn the secrets of; but for lyric work he has, I think, a distinct and pleasing aptitude. For the benefit of my readers who may care to know something of the man as well as of his book, I will merely say that Mr. Sledd is a graduate of the Johns Hopkins, who is Professor of English at Wake Forest, N. C., and that, like many another Southern teacher, he is a native of Virginia—a fact one may gather from the affectionate epilogue that closes his volume.

W. P. T.

## NOTES.

WITH the December number the *Atlantic Monthly* completed its eightieth volume. The October number was a special one, celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the magazine. We are somewhat late in offering our congratulations, but they are as sincere as they are belated. It is needless to comment on the service to American literature rendered by the *Atlantic* in the past, for the simple reason that for over a generation there has not been a single literary movement and hardly a distinguished literary name that has not been well represented in its pages; but we may express our opinion that the magazine has never been more really alive than it is to-day, and we may wish it continued prosperity. It stands up for the cause of true literature as well as any periodical can do that depends on popular approval, and when we have said this we have paid the *Atlantic*, its editors, and its publishers the highest compliment that it is in our power to pay.

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NEARLY if not quite all of the papers which Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has gathered into his recent volume of "Essays" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) have been already read by the public in the various magazines, but it is a great pleasure to have them collected. Mr. Roosevelt is, in our opinion, the most thoroughly patriotic American citizen holding office to-day, and what he has to say on political topics always has a ring of strength and sincerity about it that does us good. It would be a mistake to suppose, however, that all the essays in the collection deal with present, and therefore transient, political issues. There are at least three that are of permanent value for their wise optimism and their thorough confutation of certain more or less shallow pessimistic and sentimental views with regard to the future of the race expressed



in books, one of which, at least, the public has been reading with avidity. We refer to Mr. Roosevelt's masterly reviews of Mr. Pearson's "National Life and Character" (which, our readers will remember, appeared first in these pages), of Mr. Brooks Adams' "Law of Civilization and Decay," and of that much-overrated book, Kidd's "Social Evolution." We heartily commend Mr. Roosevelt's "Essays," and these three in particular, to the attention of our readers.

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A companion volume to Mr. Roosevelt's "Essays" is "The Scholar and the State," a collection made by the Century Company of Bishop Henry Codman Potter's papers and addresses. The Bishop of New York is an ecclesiastical statesman who manages to keep his eye on secular politics and to say the right thing at the right time. If all our statesmen would study the wise words of this great ecclesiastic and profit by them, we should not be forever complaining of the decline of statesmanship in our midst. All the papers in Bishop Potter's volume are interesting, but we especially commend the sermon in memory of Bishop Brooks to all who wish to learn how broad-spirited and catholic a man the surviving bishop is. Of the political papers, the best seems to us to be the address delivered on the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's inauguration as first President of the United States; but the essays are all worth reading, and nearly all are timely and full of matter.

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"Anasaket," the title of a small pamphlet by Mr. Lionel Horton-Smith, M.A., so favorably known to American scholars through his many philological papers already published, consists of two articles, of which the former, which appeared in the *Classical Review* for May, 1894, sets forth Mr. Horton-Smith's views in regard to this interesting word; and the second is a vindication of the former paper and a lengthy reply to the strictures made upon this by Professor R. S. Conway in the same journal for October, 1894. "Anasaket," which is

found on a bronze helmet belonging to the Brittorium Ager, and now preserved in the "Antikenkabinet" at Vienna, is Oscan, and has been the source of much discussion among scholars of the Italic dialects. Many views have been advanced as to the origin of the obscure word, no one of which will probably ever be unhesitatingly accepted, for etymological investigators are somewhat like doctors, and often disagree to the bitter end. In his first paper Mr. Horton-Smith proposes the ingenious suggestion that this troublesome word is an attempt of the Oscan people of Aqua-Fensernum-Veseris to transliterate the Greek word *ἀνθήκη*, so often found in votive inscriptions. The Oscan people of this district, coming into close contact with the Greeks in the Laconian settlements, were naturally influenced by their method of pronunciation, in which, as is well known, *σ* was frequently substituted for *θ*. In the second paper the author answers, in orderly succession, the objections brought by Professor Conway against the views contained in the preceding paper, and also adduces some additional matter in support of his own theory. As in his other writings, so in these, Mr. Horton-Smith has brought a great mass of learning to his subject, which he has treated in a most scholarly and exhaustive manner, citing so many authorities in defense of each step in his argument that he seems to have proved almost conclusively the correctness of his views touching this word. The entire pamphlet is characterized by the author's easy style, and deserves to take its place by the side of his other etymological discussions. It is, however, earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Horton-Smith will not confine his work to etymological and grammatical investigation, but will again give his attention to literary matters, in which he has been so successful, and write a companion volume to his excellent "*Ars Tragica*," etc., which was criticized in the last issue of this REVIEW.

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Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have just issued three little books of value. The first is Professor George Herbert Palm-

er's "Self-Cultivation in English," which seems to have been written originally as a lecture, but may be found useful in its published form by those who need to be reminded that the study of English has a practical as well as an æsthetic use. The second is Ex-President Cleveland's "The Self-Made Man in American Life," which will be remembered as the widely noticed address made by him on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Princeton. The third is Mr. Richard le Gallienne's "If I Were God," a little tract by no means so irreverent as its title would indicate. It is not a profound essay, but the author appears in it to better advantage, perhaps, than when he is pursuing "The Golden Girl," since the woman in this particular case is a sincere member of the Salvation Army who is treated with great respect. The philosophy of the author himself is considerably less hedonistic than that of Omar Kayyam, whose quatrains—or, rather, Fitzgerald's—Mr. le Gallienne has, as we all know, been tampering with of late. If versatility be a sign of genius, the British writer we are considering certainly has claims to be regarded as something more than a mere elegant trifler; yet this is what we fear he will be called in the future.

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The appearance of the new critical journal, *Literature*, which the London *Times* is responsible for in England and the Messrs. Harper in this country, deserves a word of notice. It is designed to deal with literature pure and simple, a commendable purpose, but one which is better suited, perhaps, to England than to this country, where we already have the *Dial*, the *Critic*, and the *Literary World*. If *Literature* promised to be much better than any of these journals, it would be in order for the Harpers to import the sheets (though even then we could wish that they would make the dates on the cover and the inside pages correspond); but so far as we can tell there seems to be nothing to indicate that the new British weekly will surpass what we already have in America, and we therefore see no special reason for its im-

portation. It stands to reason, moreover, that a nation of seventy millions of people in a fair state of civilization need not import its second-rate literature from a nation of forty millions in the same state of culture.

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Mentioning the fact that the cover-pages of *Literature* do not correspond in date with the inside pages of that periodical reminds us that similar discrepancies are sometimes observed in books. We have lying before us a volume entitled "The Growth of the French Nation," by Professor George Burton Adams, of Yale, one of the Chautauqua books, and bearing the imprint on the cover of Flood & Vincent, the authorized Chautauqua publishers. The title-page, however, bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, who have, perhaps, taken over the book because the Chautauqua people have changed their annual course of reading. Maps of France are to be found on the inside of the cover, which may, for aught we know, account for the fact that a new outside dress was not given to the book. As for Professor Adams' part of the work, it seems to have been successfully adapted to the requirements of pupils and of the people who follow courses of reading.